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The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

Contents.

News of the Week—	PAGE.	Naval and Military News	1051	How to Make Bread Cheap	1055	Great Sieges of History	1061
The War	1022	Continental Notes	1051	Simpson at Home	1056	Ernest Jones	1063
Our Control with the United States	1043	Miscellaneous	1051	Louis Napoleon	1057	The Arts—	
Democracy in Hyde Park	1048	Public Affairs—		Literature—		Trade Barbarism in Art	1064
Mr. F. O. Ward and the Drainage	1049	The Consequences of War with		Life of Goethe	1058	The Haymarket Melodrama	1065
Question	1049	America	1053	Herodotus	1059	Commercial Affairs—	
Two Letters from Mazzini	1049	The Refugees	1053	Lectures to Ladies	1059	City Intelligence, Markets, Adver-	1065
The Gale	1049	Schemes in Italy	1054	Postdiluvian History	1060	tisements, &c.	1065
Our Civilisation	1049	The Basis of an Army	1055	Life and Mind	1061		

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News of the Week.

ON the whole, there is a slightly improved tone touching the dispute with America. It is indeed to be regretted, that some writing which has been published this week, and some, perhaps, which has not been published, should not have gone out by the boat on Saturday last; for it might have tended to soften the feeling of indignation which will be aroused by the intelligence that the mail actually did carry forth. There appears to be some difficulty for the public to understand why the simple statement that the fleet had been strengthened, and that privateers and buccanniers would be controlled, should offend the American Government and nation, since they cannot have any desire to encourage buccannery and privateering. The reason why offence is calculated to be given by all the demonstrations that have been made, is to be found in the whole of the public facts taken accumulatively. In the first place, the British fleet on the West Indian and North American station has been strengthened very much—in itself a proceeding which naturally suggests the necessity for some explanation calculated to soothe the jealousy of any state contiguous to the strengthened station. In the second place, there is the intimation that force may be employed against American citizens. In the third place, the announcement is offensive, because the American Government has restrained buccannery expeditions down to the very last which attempted to set out for Venezuela; and the announcement, therefore, implies that the Americans do not do their duty in the very thing for accomplishing which they claim no small credit. In the fourth place, a charge of privateering is implied, when there is no evidence to establish the charge. Every vessel that is building, or getting ready for sea in the port of New York, is known; and the whole number could be accounted for, their ownership, and their destination. If, indeed, Russian documents have been seized, proving that ships preparing ostensibly for some voyage which need strength of crew and fighting power, say China, or the Indian Archipelago, are in fact destined ultimately for Russian service, information of that fact, and copies of the documents must, of

course, have been furnished to the American Government; but there is no statement that any such evidence has been advanced. The charge, therefore, looks like a wanton imputation. In the fifth place, if the force cannot be used against buccanniers or privateers that do not exist, there is a shrewd suspicion, difficult to combat, that it is intended for use against some other persons; and who are they? In the sixth place, the manner in which the proceedings against the infringers of the American Foreign Enlistment Act have been received in this country, implies a partial condemnation of proceedings that have been perfectly regular, and a defence of English public officers whose proceedings have been the very reverse of regular. In the seventh place, this resort to a curious accumulation of force for some unknown purpose; and these baseless insinuations, made at a time when very difficult questions between the two countries have been subjected to anxious negotiation without result, all look very like the arrogant resort of a party that knows itself to be in the wrong. And in the eighth place, the Americans naturally feel that the whole bearing towards them, the harsh construction of their motives, the very little attention paid to any of their representations who may casually visit this country imply unfriendliness; and they are certainly calculated to exasperate the irritation produced by the other causes. The attentions paid to Mr. MILLARD FILLMORE, when he came over to this country, were received by the Americans as evidence of an improved feeling; but the very contrary demeanour, at present, will do away with the good effect. Yet we may observe, *en passant*, that the very fact of a good influence being created in America, by the uncostly means of showing a courteous and friendly bearing towards the American citizens, is evidence how easily the British Government might work its way to an amicable settlement, instead of risking the hideous and costly path of warfare. These are the reasons why we apprehend an indignant burst that may lead to reprisals in kind. Both countries would then be committed to a competition in animosities of manner, that it might be difficult or impossible to stop, and that might end in calamities too hideous to anticipate, without pain and disgust.

We have said the tone of the language is improved. The *Times*, which made the declara-

tion of war last week, speaks in greater moderation this week. The *Globe* asks for the real views of the American public; it says, "no menace to 'the United States' is intended, and no 'fear' could well be expected to be excited in the people of those States, by any such increase as it has been thought prudent to make in our usual naval force in American waters." The same Ministerial writer quotes a paragraph from a letter by the citizen of the United States, picturing the absurd character of a fratricidal war, in which English and Americans should be showing their gallantry against each other, while neither, of course, could yield to the threats on the other side. "Great Britain, I am sure, would not yield its convictions to any threat; and the United States, I am equally sure, will regard with indignation, rather than fear, the menace in its seas of a hostile fleet." In this portion of the letter, says the *Globe*, "we may express our unqualified and entire concurrence;" and the *Times* performed a public service in publishing the letter, which is in itself an explanation calculated to enlighten the British public.

The war in the East scarcely gets on so promisingly as the war in the West. We have no movements to record, except in retreat rather than otherwise; at all events the allies appear to be stationary. The Czar, indeed, is using great exertions—visiting the soldiers, displaying his sympathies in the hospitals; saying a good word for the raw levies that are mingled with the army in the East, and bespeaking the forbearance of older soldiers who might otherwise turn them into ridicule; and promising, through his Minister of the Interior, confirmed privileges of the nobles. Gortschakoff shows no signs of advancing; neither do the Allies.

The period in fact has arrived for carrying on the war in another quarter, and attempts are made to renew negotiations; at least such is the report. The *Constitutionnel* refers to a strange meeting at Berlin, at which Austria is said to have assisted, for getting up some new intervention. A Russian officer has come so far southwards as Belgium; the Peace Party in Russia is said to have become predominant; and Louis NAPOLEON is accused of showing new signs of pliancy under Austrian importunities. It is however the very season for reports. The *Times* necessarily cease

to supply relateable events; our own Parliament is not sitting; we have therefore nothing substantial to tell, no explanations to drag forth, and invention has it all its own way.

Perhaps the greatest event of the week with respect to Russia, is the appointment of Sir Hamilton SEYMOUR to be the British Ambassador, at the Court of Vienna. Sir Hamilton therefore stands once more between "the Sick Man" and the Czar; and he carries his-carpet bag and his shrewdness to the court whose trimming has most perplexed the Western Powers. It is the greatest sign of vigour that we have to report.

Lord PANMURE also has been made a G.C.B.—a step which may have its moral effect on Russia.

Item: There is a rumour that Lord HARDINGE is to retire, and to be succeeded, assumes the public, by a Crimean hero—the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Item: Lord STANLEY, the eldest son of DERRY, is reported to stand on the threshold of the Cabinet.

SCOVELL and NAPIER continue their preliminary contest for Southwark. NAPIER uses such language that at least he draws forth SCOVELL; so that whichever member the constituency returns, he will stand pledged to taking a very independent and popular position.

Among the public meetings of the week, none has been more amusing and pleasant than that at Ripon. It was held to celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of the Mechanics' Institution in a town now eminent for the most heterogeneous associations—it is sacred to the memory of the respectable Miss LAWRENCE, who once returned two Members to Parliament; it once gave a seat to Sir JAMES GRAHAM, and a title to the respectable Lord GODRIC, whose son now assists the "lower" class "to lift itself," as the Dean of Ripon expressed it, "to nature." At that meeting of a Mechanics' Institution, the Dean took the most conspicuous part, delivering a lecture on positive science and teaching the lower orders how to rise, while Mr. LASCELLES announced that the land for a reformatory in the neighbourhood had been given by Lord CARDIGAN. The Millennium must be established down there at Ripon.

The theme was beautifully continued by Lord GREY, at the meeting of United Mechanics' Institutions in Newcastle, on Tuesday last. He showed how union had resulted in placing at the disposal of each institution libraries of a scope and character that no one of them could have commanded separately. Now the same principle might be applied to procuring illustrations for lectures, an aid that the department of Practical Art has begun to render, but which might be much more efficaciously procured by establishing special museums in different parts of the country. Lord GREY only touched upon this; but he enlarged upon the benefits which men derive through union; and showed that commerce itself brings its greatest blessings when it is pursued, in order to benefit others as well as ourselves. For it happens that in that kind of exchange, the largest return for each is obtained. Commerce itself is thus reconciled to the laws of chivalry, to the laws of poetry, the laws of nature, and of the religion which leads the mind back to the Author of nature. It is something to have an Earl preaching these doctrines before the representatives of all classes, in a trading and manufacturing town!

As the Minister of Public Works leaves so many of our public works to manage themselves, one of our most energetic reformers has been forced to take a very strange course. Mr. F. O. WARD has, as it were, instituted a criminal prosecution of the chief engineer under the Metropo-

litan Commission of Sewers, whom he accuses of malversation of estimates, impropriation of data, forgery of argument, and coining of scientific facts. Mr. WARD demanded a committee to inquire into his statements—that is, to investigate the conduct of Mr. BAZALGETTE. Now, the real purpose of the motion is, to force upon the Commission an inquiry into the comparative methods of tubular drainage, and the man-hole system of draining. In vain has Mr. WARD urged the merits of the "arterial system." The Commissioner's mind is dull and inert, and could not be induced to enter into the theory of "the grand circle" or the mathematical proprieties of tubular main drains. But Mr. WARD is not easily foiled. His genius hits upon a right expedient. He tells BAZALGETTE, before the assembled Commissioners, that he is a villain; the Commissioners open their ears, and, in the form of investigating the crimes of BAZALGETTE, they will be seduced into examining the comparative merits of tubular drainage.

If BAZALGETTE is made a villain for purposes of scientific inquiry, he needs not take it greatly to heart: others, looking quite as innocent and respectable, have been proved villains, with no scientific results, save some further light thrown on the laws of human nature.

STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES, the oldest, quietest, and most respectable bankers in London, have been convicted and sentenced to seven years transportation. "ALICE GREY," a sweet creature, who found a protector in every town, proves to be a very ALICIA in wickedness and ugliness, under the guise of lovely artlessness. And the PRINCE of ARMENIA, memorable in the annals of high life and its fast ways at the West-end, proves to be a German Jew! A PRINCE of ARMENIA has lately joined Russia—"After receiving bounty from deluded countrymen!" exclaimed all of us, when the news arrived—"after receiving every attention that Belgravia and Tyburnia could show." It turns out, however, that there are two Princes of Armenia—one in Asia, speculating in Russian bonds; and the other in the House of Correction, at Berlin, for speculating a little too deeply in English and German credulity.

Thirty-four Jersey refugees, for uttering opinions which the *Times* uttered years ago, have been expelled the island; the governor, as he sleeps that night, must have dreamed that his coat was purple with bees on it!

FALLING IN OF A RAILWAY TUNNEL.—A considerable portion of the Stoke Tunnel, a few miles south of Grantham, on the Great Northern Railway, fell in during last week, and the passenger traffic, until Sunday night, had to be diverted on to the loop-line, or Lincolnshire branch. The up-line through the tunnel remaining clear, the goods traffic was sent by it, and the route is now completely restored. On Sunday evening, while the tunnel was yet obstructed, a coal train broke down on the loop line, which thus became also blocked up, and owing to the telegraphic wires having been injured by an accident, no communication could be sent on to the nearest stations. The traffic was delayed for some hours; but the line was at length made clear again.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN INDIANAPOLIS.—Some details of a slave-hunt, given in the *Indianapolis Journal*, exhibit the atrocious nature of the institution which leads to such results. It seems that two fugitive slaves had been hunted by dogs, but had, in a desperate fight, killed the animals with knives. They were out wandering from Sunday night till Friday without provisions. Worn out, ragged, and footsore, having had nothing to eat but what the orchards and forest trees provided, they despaired of escape, and hailed their pursuers. They were taken in charge and carried to Vernon, to the United States' Commissioner, who remanded them to slavery on their own admission of being fugitives from labour. Next, they were brought to Indianapolis on the return of the train and before sunset were again in slavery in Kentucky.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOL.—The newly-erected building at Pinner, designed as a school for the children of commercial travellers, was opened on Saturday by Prince Albert, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and others. A subscription was afterwards begun, and the proceedings terminated with a cold collation.

THE WAR.

FULL accounts of the capture of Kinburn arrived at the close of the present week, and have added an element of interest to the meagre telegraphic messages which have been published since our last issue. The substance of these reports will be found below; and we may therefore here confine ourselves to the other items of information, such as they amount to, as communicated from various sources.

The game at chess which commenced immediately after the fall of South Sebastopol, still continues; and in answer to the inquiry made by Prince Gortschakoff of the Emperor, as to whether he should defend or abandon the Crimea, the latter has given him permission to do either, as he thinks fit, exonerating him from all responsibility. Nevertheless, his operations, if need be, will be supported by the army of the south, under General Liders, which will remain for this purpose at Nicholaieff. General Liders has published an Order of the Day, announcing that, in virtue of instructions from the Emperor, all the battalions of the first levy of the Militia of the Empire have been united to the Army of the South, under his (the General's) command.

A despatch from Constantinople, dated Oct. 28th, says:—

"Three Sardinian divisions, under the command of General de la Marmora, left their cantonments on the 15th, and marched towards the interior of the Crimea. The English division, under Sir Colin Campbell, followed them. All the Allied Army has been ordered to prepare provisions for three days. The Russians are falling back, destroying the roads behind them, but the Allies soon repair them."

Prince Gortschakoff, on the 17th of October, writes:—

"Three divisions of French occupy the pass commanding the gorge of the Valley of Baidar, and another is posted behind them in the valley itself. According to reliable accounts, the enemy has erected barracks and built earthen huts in the valley, and is now constructing a new road from the old Chaussee to Mordwind's estate, on the Tchernaya. On the mountains of Pajchid earthed huts are also being constructed, and from these they are making a road direct to Kamiesch Bay."

The allied troops which left Eupatoria on the 22nd ult. returned thither on the 24th; but it would appear that they again advanced, for, on October 29th, Gortschakoff writes that, after strong demonstrations from Eupatoria in the direction of Simphropol, the allies, "seeing that their movements were constantly disturbed, and that their left flank was threatened," returned on that day (the 29th) to Eupatoria.

Up to the 1st of October, if we may credit a letter from the colony of German Memnonites, near the Sea of Azof, published in the Berlin *Kreis Zeitung*, provisions kept pouring into the Crimea through some unknown military road communicating with the peninsula; but this is more than a month ago, and the Russian situation has grown far more serious since then.

Apprehension is felt at Nicholaieff, around which, accordingly, troops are being gathered in case of an attack. The spasm of panic which agonized Odessa when last the fleets appeared before it, has subsided with the departure of those giant troublemakers; but over the whole Russian Empire extends a cloud of anxiety and gloom. The Emperor is continually praying for victory to that local God who is supposed to take particular care of the Muscovites; the Empress-mother prays that her son may be induced to return from the dangerous frontiers into the heart of the land; and a shadow rests upon the self-styled "holy people." The Russian telegraph speaks of nothing but discomfort. The annexed is the latest Muscovite account of affairs at Kinburn:—

"Nicholaieff, Oct. 22, at a quarter to one. No change has taken place in the enemy's position. The main body of the fleet remains at anchor near the Kinburn Spit, and its detachment of light vessels in the roadstead of Orskhoff, and at the mouth of the Bug, the total of these forces amounts to ninety-three vessels."

"To-day, in the forenoon, a few detachments re-ascended the Bug and the Dnieper, but only a short way, and soon returned to their moorings. The vessels that re-ascended the Bug did not even come so high up the spot where they exchanged, yesterday, some cannon shots with our artillery."

"The enemy's land troops are stationed between the suburb and fortress of Kinburn."

Other despatches from Nicholaieff state that

only sixty sail of the line—two of them steamers—remain in the neighbourhood of Kinburn, and that only five gun-boats are anchored in the liman. The allied fleet has been seen in the vicinity of Kherson.

Large French reinforcements are still sent out; and the English and Sardinians likewise are augmenting their army. Generals Bosquet, Melinet, and Frochu, have returned to France.

From Asia we have scarcely any news. Omar Pasha has established his head-quarters at Baskoun-Kaleh; and 12,000 horses have left Baskoun with provisions for Kars, with which place it is said Omar is in communication.

The North yields as little intelligence as the extreme East; but we learn that three French gunboats, on their return from the Baltic to France, have arrived at Elsinore, as well as the English hospital-ship, the Belle Isle; and that great part of the fleet will winter in the Baltic.

Lieutenant-General Sir William John Codrington, K.C.B., is our new Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. The coolness exhibited by him at the battle of Inkermann, on which occasion he was the first to discern the approach of the Russian, and his general devotion to his duties during the whole of the war, seems, as far as we can judge, to stamp him as a man fit to hold the highest place. He is now in his fiftieth year.

THE FALL OF KINBURN.—SIR EDMUND LYONS'S ACCOUNT.

Under date October 18th, Sir Edmund Lyons communicates a detailed account of the operations which terminated in the reduction of Kinburn. The expedition under Admiral Stewart reached that fortress on the 14th ult.; but, owing to adverse winds, it was not until the 17th that operations could commence. The floating batteries, gunboats, and gunboats, then opened fire and before noon, the hullings in the interior of the fort were in flames, and the eastern face had suffered very considerably. "At noon," says Sir Edmund "the Royal Albert, Agamemnon, and Princess Royal, accompanied by Admiral Bratt's four ships of the line, approached Kinburn in a line abreast, which the shape of the most ordered necessary, and the precision with which they took up their positions in the closest order, with jib-booms run in and only two feet of water under their keels, was really admirable. At the same moment, the squadrons under the orders of Rear-Admirals Sir Houston Stewart and Pelton pushed through the passage between Otchakoff and the spit of Kinburn, and took the forts in reverse, while the St. Jean d'Acre, Curacoa, Tribune, and Sphinx, undertook the centre battery, and the Harbinger, Donatier, and Terrible, that on the point of the spit." [The result of these arrangements is already known.]

THE FALL OF KINBURN.—RUSSIAN ACCOUNT.

"Telegraphic despatch from Nicholasief, forwarded by order of His Majesty the Emperor, on the 17th of October. Owing to the situation of the fortress of Kinburn, which lies at the extreme point of the peninsula of the same name, on the left bank of the liman of the Dniester, and at the very entrance of that water, the communications of Nicholasief with this fortress had been carried on only by way of Otchakoff, and were maintained by means of row-boats, and of a marine optical telegraph established at Otchakoff.

"On the appearance of the enemy's vessels in the liman, the direct communication by water with Kinburn ceased. From all the information received the day before yesterday, yesterday, and to-day, from Otchakoff by means of this telegraph, the following result is obtained:—

"The fortress of Kinburn, after having sustained on the 15th a brisk cannonade, and a bombardment of gun-boats, mortar boats, and steam-frigates stationed in the liman, repulsed to it on its own side by a rapid and well-directed fire of its own guns. At nightfall the fire ceased on both sides. Yesterday (the 16th) it was renewed, and continued the whole day, but with less vigour. This morning at nine o'clock, eleven additional steam-frigates and a ninety-gun ship of the line joined the vessels previously lying in the liman, and the whole commenced together a most violent horizontal and vertical fire, in which the remainder of the enemy's fleet joined from the sea.

"This infernal fire continued until half-past two in the afternoon. At that time, the fortress, all the buildings in the interior of which were in flames, ceased to reply, and the enemy then discontinued his fire. At three o'clock, gunboats bearing a flag of truce approached the fortress, and at half an hour afterwards entered the enemy's camp, forming part of those who had previously made a descent on the land. Afterwards, the vessel lying in the liman proceeded in the direction of Otchakoff and the Nicholasief battery, situated in the opposite coast; but up to this evening they have not opened fire."

THE RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE ATTACK ON KARS.

The following is from the *Invalides Russes*:—"General Mouzavieff announces, under the date of the 30th of September, that, having been informed that the Turkish

troops had received reinforcements in the vicinity of Batoum, and that the enemy proposed to make a movement upon the Gouriel and Akhaltayk, and at the same time advance from Erzeroum upon Kars, he resolved to attack the latter fortress on the 29th.

"Three columns were selected for this operation: the first under the command of Lieutenant-General Kovalevsky, the second under Major-General Maydel, and the third under Major-General Count Nyrod. In addition, an intermediate column was formed, commanded by General Prince Gazarine, as well as a general reserve, confided to Lieutenant-General Brummer. Finally, a detachment, led by Major-General Bazine, was intended to act according to special orders.

"The columns marched to the attack in the greatest order and with the greatest intrepidity. The attack of Major-General Bazine was even crowned with success; but, unfortunately, almost at the beginning of the engagement, several of the commanders and the superior officers under their orders were killed or wounded. The result was, that the unity of the operations was broken, and the most brilliant efforts, during a bloody conflict, which lasted several hours, could not restore it. General Mouzavieff having convinced himself of this impossibility, advanced the reserve, and under its protection the assaulting columns effected their retreat. The obstinacy with which our troops fought is above all praise. During the engagement, they took from the Turks fourteen flags and some field colours, and spiked or dismantled several pieces of artillery.

"Our loss is not yet exactly known, but it is very considerable. The loss sustained by the enemy must also have been very great. Of our generals, Prince Gazarine, General Kovalevsky, and Major-General Bronevsky are seriously wounded, and Major-General Maydel less dangerously.

"The blockade of Kars is re-established as before the attack."

A despatch from General Williams to Lord Clarendon has been published, but does not add any details of importance. In addition to the names of Lake, Teesdale, and Thompson, that of Mr. Churchill, *attaché* to the English mission in Persia, is honourably mentioned as directing the fire of a battery throughout the action; and Dr. Sandwith, who had charge of the wounded, and Messrs. Zohrab and Rennison, interpreters, are alluded to with high praise.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE CAMP.

To the wholesome labour and activity that now prevail, as well as to the fineness of the weather, the healthy condition of the army is doubtless due. It certainly is not attributable to sobriety and abstinence, for I regret to say that drunkenness is very prevalent among the men. The well-intended kindness of the "Queen's sixpence" is doing, I fear, much harm, used as it is by a very large portion of the soldiers as a means of excessive drinking. The consequence of this, and of the insubordination and many offences it leads to, is a large amount of punishment of various kinds—extra guards, stone-carrying, and flogging. The cart-wheel (here substituted for the triangle) is frequently rigged, and the Provost-Marshal and his assistants have plenty on their hands; but twenty-five lashes, or even fifty, are all insufficient to wean the British soldier from his favourite vice. I hear of regiments in which there are literally scores of men under punishment of one sort or other for intoxication. One regiment was cited to me (I refrain from naming it) in which there were sixty offenders of this sort at one time. In another, nine sergeants were broken for drunkenness. On Saturday, there was an issue of back pay (the extra sixpence), and I never witnessed a more disgraceful scene than was presented by the part of the camp in which I happened to be at about an hour before sunset on Sunday afternoon. I have no reason to believe that it was confined to that part of the camp, but I mention only that which I and a military friend who accompanied me actually saw, as we went against a railing enjoying the beauty of the evening. Half the men who passed along a track a little in our front were more or less intoxicated. Some were merely unsteady, others staggered and struggled out of the path. Some were pugnacious, and we saw two fights begin, which were only put an end to by the arrival of a patrol. None more than myself, would advocate every reasonable indulgence to an army which has deserved so well of its country as that of the Crimea, displaying, as it has done, on repeated occasions, and for long periods, the utmost valour, fortitude, and patience. But if means are not found of checking the great drunkenness that at present goes on here, the result will be a grievous scandal to the service. At the same time that I gladly record the physical well-being of the troops, I am bound to declare my conviction that they have never, since the commencement of the war, been in worse discipline and subordination.—*Times Correspondent.*

THE ALLIED FLEETS OFF ODESSA.—MONDAY,

Oct. 8.—A hot, bright sun lighted up the round mirror of sea of which we were the centre this fine morning. Although many big ships were near, and a great flotilla was moving all around the edges of our great circle, her Majesty's ship *l'Anonyme* appeared on this fine Monday morning to be the central point on a bright flickering shivering mirror, fringed by columns of smoke or framed

in by the masts of the distant fleet, fine as cobwebs on the edge of some ancient cheval glass of Louis Quatorze. . . . There stood an extensive city, built on the curve of a high sea shore, with descending terraces and broad flights of steps to the beach, which was enclosed by broad quays and the walls of ports and casemated batteries, all shining brightly in the morning sun. Broad esplanades or boulevards lined with trees towards the sea-front ran along the top of the bank, with a background of stately mansions worthy of the best "rows" near the Regent's-park; and we could see a numerous and gaily-dressed crowd of men and women all along the promenade gazing on the dark clouds of smoke which were slowly drifting in on them from the distance. Behind and in continuation of this esplanade are splendid residences, with pillared porticoes and ornamented peristyles, magnificent public institutions—the temples erected by despotism to civilization in hope of making peace with her—barracks, palaces, governor's house, prisons, rising in front of a confused and graceful mass of domes, columns, steeples, and spires. One huge dome is of an intense ultra-marine blue, and is topped by a gilt cupola; another is of bright green, surmounted by a golden star; here is a Greek temple, there a Tartar-like mosque; there an unmistakable "little Bethel," here a Byzantine church; again, an Eastern minaret-like spire; further on, an indubitable Sir Christopher Wren steeple.—*Times Correspondent.*

WAR MISCELLANEA.

COURTS-MARTIAL IN THE CRIMEA.—Private James Salmon, 93rd Highlanders, was condemned to death by a Court-martial before Sebastopol, for deserting from the trenches, with intent to go over to the enemy. He has borne an indifferent character ever since he joined his regiment; but General Simpson, while concurring in the justice of the sentence, has commuted the punishment to penal servitude for life, "entirely from consideration of the good and faithful conduct of the regiment and of the army."—Trumpeter John McCall, 5th Dragoon Guards, has been sentenced to transportation for life, for having attempted to shoot Sergeant Edward Plant, under some slight provocation.

THE ANGLIO-ITALIAN LEGION.—General Percy, according to the *Piemonte*, has resigned the command of the Anglo-Italian Legion, and he is to be succeeded by Colonel Read.

OTCHAKOFF.—A telegraphic despatch from Nicholasief to St. Petersburg, dated Oct. 18th, gives an account, or rather a bare notification, of the blowing up of the Nicholas Battery at Otchakoff; and another message, dated the following day, adds:—"Since the despatch of yesterday left, to the present time, the enemy has attempted nothing of importance. The fleet, which is lying in the open sea, at some distance from the mouth of the liman, has not changed its position. The same number of vessels remain at the mouth of the river. One of the gunboats, while taking soundings, approached the entrance of the Bug. This morning, the vessels moored in the road of Otchakoff, were reinforced by two mortar-boats, eleven gunboats, and two steamers, detached from the fleet. We can count eighty-eight vessels of different kinds. The enemy have increased the number of their tents pitched on the Spit of Kinburn; there is no movement in this direction."

THE 97TH AT THE REDAN.—The following account of the conduct of this regiment on the 8th of September, is from the letter of an officer to a friend:—"The 97th led the way, and placed the ladders against the parapet of the Redan, after the Malakoff was taken by the French. The first part of our regiment consisted of one hundred and sixty men, under Major Walsford, with the ladders. The major was the first to mount one, and was about to get in at an embrasure, when a gun inside was fired, and the shot took off his head. Our poor colonel, the Hon. Henry Handcock, led the assaulting party of the 97th, which consisted of two hundred men. Our present sergeant-major was with him all the time, and has since told me that before he got into the ditch he got a blow of a stone on the chest, which he did not mind. The ladder was then placed for him to mount the parapet, which he did, and got inside the Redan, followed closely by the sergeant-major. He was only there a short time when he was struck by a bullet on the left side of the head. At the time, he was raising his sword and calling to his men to follow him. Feeling himself wounded, he said, 'I am hit, but never mind; follow me, sergeant.' He only advanced a few steps, when he fell unconscious, from which state he never recovered. He died fifteen hours after. All speak in the highest manner of the bravery he showed, and all regret his loss very much. I cannot tell you how miserable I feel—all my companions either killed or wounded; out of three hundred and sixty men sent into action, one hundred and ninety-eight are killed, wounded, or missing. Thirteen officers went into action, two only returned untouched—four were killed, and the rest wounded. Captain Hutton was only found this morning in the town, where he had been carried by the Russians in a dying state. Poor young MacGregor, our adjutant, was killed inside the Redan."

THE HANGO SUFFERERS.—A correspondent of a morning paper relates the following story:—"I have to

tell you an anecdote relating to Captain Hall, who has been hovering about Hango for some time, in hopes of having revenge for the massacre of the Cossack's men. After harrassing in every way in his power the Cossacks stationed in the neighbourhood, he one morning landed all his marines, who at once formed a cordon round the village of Hango, placed the gunboats close inshore, and, with a party of bluejackets carrying a flagstaff, with an ensign half-mast on it, the band playing the "Dead March in Saul," in front of them, marched up to the place where two of the boat's crew and the Finnish captain who was to have been released were buried. On arriving at the graves, the chaplain of the ship read the funeral service. After that was over, a tablet, which had been neatly carved on board the *Blenheim*, was placed by way of a tombstone over the spot, with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of the boat's crew of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Cossack* and a Finnish master of a merchant vessel, who were barbarously murdered by Russian troops, under the command of an officer, when under the protection of a flag of truce; and to that of the wife of the above-named Finnish master, who died of grief at Helsingfors, when she heard of her husband's death and her country's dishonour." Having done this, the whole party re-embarked.

CIRCASSIA.—Some tribes of the Circassians—those known by the name of Adjhe, the only tribes recognized by the Russians, as Circassians at all—are said to be well affected towards their Muscovite rulers, and therefore, of course, inimical to the Allies. The cause of this is attributed to the Czar's opening commercial relations with them, and thus improving their condition. They occupy that portion of the northern slopes of the Caucasus, which is comprised between the Upper Terek and the Malka.

NEW RUSSIAN LEVY.—Advices from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is about to publish a manifesto ordering a levy of ten men in every thousand throughout the empire, with the exception of some few provinces.

CAPTAIN MAXBE has written to the *Times* to vindicate, in answer to some observation of Lord Albemarle, with reference to Major-General Windham, his own claims to the honour of that celebrated feat of daring by which the fleet was brought round to Balaklava in the early part of the war.

THE BALTIC.—We read in the *Independence Belge*, under date Hamburg, Oct. 23:—"Letters from Elsinore of the 21st announce the departure for England, in compliance with the orders of the Admiralty, of the divisions of gun-boats which had just returned from the Baltic. The last accounts from the Baltic represent the number of war vessels belonging to the Allies in that sea as amounting to twenty-eight. They are exposed to the tempestuous weather, which usually prevails at this advanced season of the year, and it appears but too true that many vessels have of late suffered considerable injury. The three French gun-boats which a few days since sailed from the Gulf of Finland for France were overtaken by a frightful storm, and driven into the harbour of Calmar. I have not yet heard that any serious accident has occurred."

THE HIGHLAND DIVISION.—Sir James Simpson announces that the departure of the Highland division, which he had ordered to proceed to Eupatoria, under Sir Colin Campbell, was countermanded by him on the receipt of Lord Panmure's telegraphic message of the 13th ult., apprising him that the Russians had resolved to hazard a battle and attack the Allies.

THE LAND TRANSPORT CORPS.—Director-General McMurdo gives a very satisfactory account of the state of this corps. He observes:—"The most important work of all will, in my opinion, be the floating factory. This is a measure worthy of England, for her base is on the waters, and she has now floated Woolwich to her army in the Crimea. I have minutely inspected this vessel and her fittings (and, moreover, drawn largely from her stores), and have been struck with admiration at her capacities. I have had the fashion of the boxes of wheels taken, and I hope to have them cast in large numbers. Iron axles can be welded and turned, engines fitted, and timbers sawn; in short, I have no longer to look 3,000 miles for the source of vitality. I hope now to be enabled to make provision for the spring, for the transport is so situated that the material parts of all the carriages must become worn out by the incessant traffic to which it will necessarily be exposed throughout the entire winter."

THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY.—Dr. Hall writes, on October 16th:—"The health of the army continues satisfactory. There has been a slight increase of cholera in the 2d and 3d Divisions during the week, chiefly amongst the newly-arrived men. Catarrhal complaints have also been more numerous. Large fatigue parties are employed daily in making and repairing roads; but the night duty is light, and the men's rations and dress are both good."

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday night, the house of Mr. Smith, tailor, Dockhead, Bermondsey, caught fire in consequence of the gas not having been properly turned off. Mr. and Mrs. Smith escaped with great difficulty, but one of their children was burnt to death. Considerable damage was done to some of the adjoining houses.

THE QUARREL WITH THE UNITED STATES.

THE enlistment of recruits in the United States for the English Foreign Legion has created great excitement in America, and there is no doubt that, among a certain section of the population, there is a strong war spirit. Others again, while admitting that the English Government has acted with great indiscretion, observe in the conduct of the United States Administration a manifest desire to push matters to extremity, and, in connection with the recent trials, accuse Mr. Cushing (the Attorney-General) and the President of great discourtesy and even unfairness. Mr. Cushing, in sending instructions to the District Attorney at Philadelphia, with reference to the trial of one of the offenders, tells him that he is not to permit the British Consul, as on a former occasion, to put in any letter in the course of the trial, except as evidence, and that "if he have anything to say, he shall be put on the stand by the defence, in order that he may be fully cross-examined by the prosecution." The *New York Courier and Enquirer* strongly rebukes Mr. Cushing for this intemperance, which it describes as "a gratuitous insult to the British Consuls." Similar statements, it alleges, have been put in on similar occasions by American Consuls at Liverpool and London, and have always been received. The *Enquirer* contends that, even had the English Government refused all explanations on the subject, "such letters as those of the Attorney-General, reflecting upon Lord Clarendon and the British Government and its officials here, written by order of the Executive, to be read in a court of justice, would have been condemned by every honest and right-thinking man in the country as a gross breach of official etiquette—undignified, improper, and absolutely disgraceful to all concerned in the proceeding." But it happens that, on representations being made to the English Government as to the questionable legality of its acts, Lord Clarendon replied that he had given "the most stringent instructions to all concerned not to violate the municipal law;" and, at the same time, our Foreign Minister expressed his regret at what had happened, and rescinded all his orders permitting the enlistment of soldiers for the Crimea in any of the North American provinces. The *Enquirer* attributes the "diplomatic outrage" committed by Mr. Cushing to "a desire to influence the approaching elections and the Presidential contest of 1856;" by getting up a difference with England. Mr. Cushing even declares that the instruction not to violate the municipal law was an attempt at evasion, and a flagrant violation of the sovereign rights of the United States, doubling the magnitude of the national wrong inflicted on them.

The trial of Joseph Wagner for enlisting men for the Crimea has terminated in a verdict of guilty, although the accused, who is a very poor man, was defended by the ablest counsel of New York—a fact which gave occasion to the United States District Attorney to hint that the English Government was paying for his defence, and that "a nation had thrown its shield over him." The penalty is one thousand dollars fine and three years' imprisonment. Henry Hertz, who was recently convicted of the same offence, has made a confession, in which he charges Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, with inciting him to enlist men on the territory of the United States; that they might be sent to Halifax. In the course of last January, he was induced to call on Mr. Crampton, in consequence of some remarks made to him at the United States Hotel. Very vague preliminaries were entered into on that occasion; but on the 5th of February Hertz received a letter from Mr. Crampton, and called on him some few days afterwards. Hertz then states:—"I asked Mr. Crampton what was to be done? How was the matter to be conducted? He said, 'As far as I know, there is a law in the United States forbidding the enlisting of soldiers within the territory of the United States; it is, however, not difficult to evade this law, because who can prevent you from sending labourers to Canada? But we must take care to do this in such a way that it shall not appear to be in defiance of the Government. My idea is, further, that if you have twenty-five or thirty men together, either yourself or some other confidential person should take them direct by railway to Montreal, where, I think, a depot may be erected.'"

Fearful of consequences, Hertz asked—"How am I backed in case a charge is made against me? I have a wife and children." Mr. Crampton replied, "first, that the law was exceedingly lax; and secondly, that, if anything should happen, 'the British Government would not allow any one to suffer who had been engaged in assisting them in furnishing the men.' I replied, 'The popular voice is against this matter;' but Mr. Crampton said, 'Never mind about this popular voice; if a house in Liverpool falls, the whole United States tremble.' After Mr. Crampton had given me such assurances, and had used the expression, 'I give you my word as a gentleman that nothing unpleasant shall happen to you,' I then made up my mind to act for the British Government.

Hertz then states at considerable length the subsequent course of affairs, from which it would seem that Mr. Matthew, the British Consul at Philadelphia, Mr. Howe, an agent of the Governor of Nova Scotia, and the Governor himself, Sir Caspard Le Marchant, were implicated in the transactions, which ended in the taking of men to the depot at Halifax. Hertz concludes his confession thus:—

"Previously to my going to Halifax on the 28th May, I wrote a letter to Mr. Crampton, in which I stated that I had received information that he (Mr. Crampton) and his secretaries altogether, had said that I was in correspondence with the Russian Government, for the purpose of betraying their secrets, and if they did not apologize for making this charge, I would call upon him and the Russian Minister to make a statement. All that I did in procuring and sending men to Halifax for the Foreign Legion was done by the advice and recommendation of Mr. Crampton, Mr. Howe, and Mr. Matthew. I was employed by Mr. Howe, and acted as his agent, with the knowledge and approbation of Mr. Crampton and Mr. Matthew. Mr. Matthew knew of both the expeditions I sent. He approved and encouraged me in sending them away. He encouraged me by his advice and counsel, and in giving me money to send them away. The statement which I now have made I have made voluntarily, without any inducement other than the regret I feel in having violated the laws of this country, and the desire which now prompts me to make every reparation in my power, by confessing my own fault, and exposing those who have induced me to enter into this illegal business. I make this statement in the hope that it may have its proper influence upon the government of the United States in relation to any future action in the prosecution against me. I have made it, however, without any promise as to such future action, placing myself entirely upon the clemency of those who have the power to act on the premises."

THE DEMOCRACY IN HYDE-PARK.

ANOTHER gathering of working-men with reference to the cheap bread agitation, took place in Hyde-Park, on Sunday last.

It has now come to light that the movement has been inaugurated and conducted by a body styling themselves "The Working Man's Provision League." This body held a meeting, in the early part of last week, at Blake's Coffee-house, Clerkenwell-green, when a Mr. Beacon, of Upper George-street, Portman-square, presided, and it was agreed that a manifesto, which was then assented to, should be read in the Park on Sunday, and "presented for the people's adoption." A large crowd assembled as usual; and a ring having been formed, Mr. Beacon, who is described as a very inoffensive and respectable-looking elderly gentleman, of portly person, opened the proceedings by a temperate address, in which he urged the meeting to maintain order and decorum. Taking out of his pocket an Act of Parliament passed during the Chartist agitation in 1848, which, he said, was carried through Parliament in the short space of twenty-four hours, and which he designated "the Whigs' Gagging Bill," he read from it a clause making it felony, punishable with transportation for life, or for not less than seven years, for any one, by open and advised speaking, or by any open or covert act or otherwise, to seek to depose the Sovereign, or in other respects to overturn the constitution of the country. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. McHeath, the working carpenter, who has distinguished himself on the previous occasions, and who is secretary to the "Provision League." This individual took his text from a verse in the Proverbs, which says:—"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." The "manifesto," as read by Mr. McHeath, stated that the Working-men's Provision League had in their possession the most startling facts, showing that immense quantities of corn had been sunk in the sea or kept in bond, with the view to enhance the price of that article, which had the effect of causing a famine of the staff of life among large numbers of the people. It averred that, while we refuse to import Turkish wheat into this country at 28s. a-quarter, we are doing a considerable trade with Russia at 73s. If the present very questionable war was to be carried forward to a speedy and successful conclusion, it must be by sea and not a sham blockade of the ports of Russia, by which, at present, we furnish money to the enemy to wage war against us, and the territory of our ally is mortgaged to obtain for the benefit of despots and kings those supplies of money which it could command by the sale of the grain which it produced. The document also denounced the system of primogeniture and entail, by which eight million acres of the common lands of England are appropriated by the aristocracy.

The manifesto was adopted on a show of hands; and tickets of membership, at twopence each, were vended among the crowd, in the course of which, Mr. McHeath stated, that no man ought to join the society unless he was prepared to pledge his head if necessary. In the meanwhile, Mr. Ernest Jones addressed a crowd at a little distance; but shortly afterwards the meeting broke up. A number of rough fellows ran towards Park-lane, where they crossed, and entered South-street, possibly with the intention of breaking windows; but they were met by eight mounted policemen, and withdrew, hooting clamorously. Ultimately, they dispersed, without doing any mischief. In the Park itself, during the whole proceedings, there were very few policemen to be seen.

MISS HINDS, after a painful and long-protracted struggle, has expired.

MR. F. O. WARD AND THE DRAINAGE QUESTION.

A STATEMENT was made on Wednesday, at the fortnightly meeting of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, which will prepare the way for settling an important question. Mr. F. O. Ward, the advocate of tabular drainage as opposed to the system of wide drains, has for some time been urging the Court to investigate his statements and evidence, in order to procure the adoption of his plan for the intercepting drainage of the metropolis, in lieu of the plan which was considered to be settled. On Wednesday, however, Mr. Ward coupled this standing entreaty with a statement of a very grave nature; he made a distinct charge of misconduct against Mr. Bazalgette, the chief engineer of the Commission. Mr. Ward accuses Mr. Bazalgette of having made serious engineering errors; of having concealed those errors and sought to establish his own conclusions by tampering with the details,—such as altering the declivity of the ground in particular instances, omitting important data, and introducing without acknowledgment, formulae prepared by persons who are not recognised by the Commission. Mr. Ward moved a resolution for appointing a committee to investigate and report upon his own statement; the committee to be assisted by three eminent professors of mathematics, such as Professor Willis, Professor Mosely, Mr. Babbage, or Mr. Wheatstone. The Court postponed the consideration of the subject and appointed a special day, on which Mr. Bazalgette could appear to state his own case in answer. Thus the way is paved for a preliminary judicial decision on the question between large and tabular drainage.

TWO LETTERS FROM MAZZINI.

The following letters have been elicited from M. Mazzini, by certain opinions in a provincial journal. They are addressed to the Editor.

Sir,—You inserted, days ago, in your paper, a most extraordinary letter from Mr. D. Urquhart, in which, from the midst of copious unintelligible trash about confidence and foreigners, I read that I have been employed by Russia to circumvent Kossuth, and thereby cut him off from Turkey—that Kossuth declared to him, in 1849, at Kutayah, that I was a Russian agent—that in 1827 Italian deputies went to the Emperor Nicholas at Volognesch for revolutionary purposes—and that I, Mazzini, have made an admission to him, Mr. D. Urquhart, that money for an Italian revolution was coming from Russia.

To these wild, unaccountable-for statements, I beg to give the following answers:—

I have never been, nor shall ever be employed by any Power: I believe all actually existing Powers to be unworthy of employing any honest man labouring in the cause of Right, Truth, and Justice.

I never have circumvented Kossuth, nor cut him off from Turkey: I think that the manner of viewing the Turkish question is one of the very few secondary points about which Kossuth and I are still suffering.

I do not believe that Kossuth has ever declared to Mr. D. Urquhart that I was a Russian agent. Kossuth himself has settled the point in a recent number of the *Athena*.

I do not believe any Italian deputy having gone from the national party to the Emperor Nicholas in 1827 at Volognesch or anywhere else; I was then, at all events, a simple student at the University of Genoa, possessed with no influence whatever on the national party. My political career began with my imprisonment in 1830.

I never have received, directly or indirectly, any money from Russia.

I have never undergone the infliction of Mr. D. Urquhart's personal intercourse. I have never seen him: he has never, to my knowledge, seen me. Mr. D. Urquhart is, therefore, simply lying, or labouring under a strange hallucination, whenever he speaks of personal admission made by me to him. Between the horns of the dilemma I grant him the choice.

As for your suggestion that a certain committee should call a public meeting in Sheffield, and challenge me amongst others to be present and have the matter investigated, I beg to state that the challenge would prove altogether ineffectual. I never grant anybody the right of dragging me to the bar to answer questions which I despise, and accusers who are not worth my notice. English patriots would really be very weak and irrational, should they choose, on the first rambling affirmation, to doubt a man who was in 1849—the time of Kossuth's alleged accusation—fighting for republican Italian liberty at Rome, and who, during twenty-five years of his life, has ever unhesitatingly spoken, written, and, whenever possible, acted, against kings, emperors, czars, popes, and all crowned and uncrowned lies shamming truth and guidance on this earth of ours.

I do not believe in the vitality of the Mahomedan Turkish Empire in Europe; and I think it unjust, unwise, and unstatesmanlike to persist in making a galvanised corpse a barrier to the encroachments of a young growing power like Russia, just as I always thought it unjust, unwise, and unstatesmanlike in Mr. Urquhart that he should oppose, as he always did, the

free rising of our nationalities, in the hope of finding a useful ally against Russia in the rotten, doomed Austrian Empire. But I do not believe that Russia has any right of usurping what belongs to the Greek, Albanian, Bulgarian, Servian, Roumain, and other inhabitants of the soil. I do not feel bound to enthusiasm for a war which is fought side by side with imperial despotism, and which your Government has diverted from its proper liberal civilizing aim, for the sake of keeping up an immoral and absurd *status quo*, and of checking any national rising; but I hate Tsarism under any shape, and I wish it to vanish as speedily as possible from the face of God's earth. I would not feel in the least guilty should I accept money from Russia or any other Power, for the sake of making poor forsaken Italy free, and of cancelling, there at least, the curse of Austrian tyranny; but to no Power on earth would I yield an atom of my political creed, or of my absolute freedom of action. And the very frankness of this statement ought, at all events, to prove an additional pledge for the truthfulness of my declaration, that no such a transaction has ever taken place, and that no man, sane or insane, will ever be able to prove before your committees anything to the contrary.

London, Sept. 22. Yours respectfully,
(Signed) JOSEPH MAZZINI.

This letter produced a long, dreary, and tortuous article, to which Mazzini addressed a reply:—

Sir,—I have read the article concerning my letter to you, in your number of September 29th.

I have been attacked by Catholic priests, Austrian spies, and the lowest police agents throughout Europe; never in such a paltry, despicable, irrational, misinterpreting, calumniating way.

They were either asses or scoundrels; the writer of the article is evidently a happy combination of the two.

With an everlasting farewell to the Urquhartist mud, in which I really cannot condescend to stoop twice, I am,
J. M.

Oct. 1, 1855.

THE GALE.

A VERY fearful gale raged, particularly along the southern coast of England, towards the close of last week; and in the northern parts of the island heavy floods have fallen. The rivers Irwell and Mersey were swollen to overflowing; and at Broughton, near Manchester, the former river rose above the left bank, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring streets were confined to their dwellings by a depth of several feet of water. The low grounds adjoining the Mersey, far into Cheshire, have been completely covered with the floods; and a great deal of damage has been done. The waters of the Thames at London rose to an unusual height; several vessels came into collision, and bulwarks, spars, and rigging, suffered from the shock. The wind blew with such violence that houses in the suburbs were unroofed, chimneys-pots were blown down, and young trees were uprooted. But the most serious results occurred, as we have said, on the southern coasts. At Plymouth, a Brazilian ship was driven ashore in Mount Batten Bay, but received slight damage. A Government emigrant ship drove about a quarter of a mile from her anchorage, but was fortunately brought to. At Dover, as we stated in our Postscript last week, the gale was very violent. At Deal, Rye, New Romney, Swansea, and other parts of the coast, several vessels were wrecked or greatly injured, in some cases with loss of life, and in every case with much sacrifice of property; while around the Channel Islands, and on the north coast of France, the tempest was exceedingly violent. At Ramsgate, we regret to add, some lives have been lost, not without considerable blame attaching to the authorities, and the life-boat-men at that harbour. From an eye-witness, "A London Clergyman," who writes to the *Times*, we derive the following vivid account of the scene which took place on Friday week off the Ramsgate pier:—

"A heavy gale is blowing from the south-west, and all Ramsgate is crowding on the pier. A small Colchester oyster-boat is on shore. Already all chance of saving it is gone, and the crowds are hastening to see the end."

"She is close in, within fifty yards of the outer wall of the pier, and there are four lives on board—precious, beyond words, to wives, or sisters, or children; but amid all this hastening to see, there is nothing done to save. Is there no one in authority here to give orders in this emergency, and to see his orders obeyed? Not one. Is not Ramsgate harbour called 'The Refuge of the Destitute?' and are there not lifeboats, and Manby's apparatus, and what not, provided by the authorities? But where are they to-day?"

"One man is already lost, and the three survivors are clinging piteously to the masthead, which alone, of all their little craft, is now visible to the eye. But the life-boat rides snugly within, and the lifeboats, and the Manby's apparatus, and the paraphernalia of the 'Ramsgate Humane' (if there be such a thing) are—who knows where? And now a French screw gunboat, which has been lying in the offing all night, is in great peril, and comes rolling in upon the surge, her screw broken, her rudder gone, and all unmanageable. And there she drives over the wreck of the little oyster-boat. And

what shall save these three poor fellows, clinging for their life, from instant destruction? Thank God! the gunboat just shaves them; and one fine fellow, with that energy which love of life lends, springs from his frail perch and just hits the bulwarks of the Frenchman, and is safe."

"But two still hang on. And every wave is lessening their chance of life. The craft is rapidly breaking up, and soon the mast must fall. Crowds of pitying fellow-men are looking on,—but will no one save? At last, there is the lifeboat. Good and precious minutes have been wasted, it is true; but surely, now, this life-saving crew will do their duty, and go in boldly and promptly to the rescue. No such thing. They hang back. They delay. This is not right, and that is not right; and when, at length, they reach the wreck, it is the time of the last struggle of falling strength. One man is fresher than his fellow, and, catching the rope first, is hauled up through the angry surge, and his rescue is secured. But the other poor fellow, benumbed and paralysed by long clinging, and too feeble to extricate himself from the meshes of the wreck, sinks with the lifeboat at his side. Five minutes saved from delay would have been life. Another victim has gone down to an untimely grave—another victim to the want of management of those to whom the English people intrust their funds for the proper protection of human life."

"The French gunboat is all safe. Her Government can pay for the tugboat which has just rescued her, and all is right. But will you ask the authorities at Ramsgate who is responsible for the disgraceful exhibition of to-day?"

Another letter to the *Times* from another eye-witness confirms this narrative in every particular. In answer, however to these statements, an extract from the harbour-master's journal has been sent to the *Times*, from which it would seem that all was done which could possibly be effected, but that some delay took place in manning the life boat, owing to the Ramsgate mariners being engaged succouring distressed vessels inside the harbour. The life-boat, which at length went out, got stove against the fishing smack, and was run into Broadstairs, upheld entirely by her air-chambers. The harbour-master adds that the crew, before making for Broadstairs "beached the life-boat out clear of the Raffle, throwing at the same time a Cart's lifebuoy to the remaining smackman, into which he succeeded in placing himself, and the lifeboat's crew endeavoured to haul him out clear, but, strange fatality, his legs were so fixedly entangled in the ropes and rigging, that they were obliged to desist. He, with great apparent presence of mind, released one arm from the lifebuoy and endeavoured to extricate his legs, but the cause which held him fast (as a heavy sea broke over him) drew him out of the lifebuoy, and he disappeared."

The gale was very violent on Tuesday at Shields, and many vessels were driven towards the shore. The pilots behaved with their usual gallantry.

OUR CIVILISATION.

CONVICTION OF STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES.—The trial of the bankers was brought to a close on Saturday. The facts of this case have been so often before our readers, that we need not here repeat them; and have therefore little more to record, than that all the prisoners were found GUILTY. On Mr. Baron Alderson asking the opinion of the jury, as to whether the disclosure before the Court of Bankruptcy was genuine or not, the Foreman replied that their opinion was, that it was no disclosure within the meaning of the act; in which opinion the Judge entirely concurred. The latter then proceeded to pass sentence, and, with much emotion, said he should have been glad, had it pleased God that the task had fallen to some one else, since he recollected one of the prisoners under very different circumstances—sitting, beside him on the judicial bench, and occupying a high office; but, as he could not conceive any worse case of the kind, he felt it his duty to pass the highest sentence permitted by the law—viz., that the prisoners be severally TRANSPORTED FOR FOURTEEN YEARS. The prisoners, who seemed astounded at their sentence, leant against the dock as if they expected their counsel to make some observations to the Court; but, after a short interval, they slowly retired in custody. Sir J. D. Paul was particularly affected, and, clasping his hands, trembled violently. The prosecutor, Dr. Griffith, was observed to shed tears when the sentence was pronounced; but the judgment appeared to give satisfaction to a crowded court.

JUVENILE RUFFIANISM.—John Edwards, a boy thirteen years of age, is under remand at Westminster, charged with seriously wounding Mr. John Hodges. The youth, together with some others, was pulling a truck about in front of Mr. Hodges's house in Elizabeth-square, Chelsea, when, on that gentleman endeavouring to drive them away, Edwards threw two stones at him. The first struck him on the back and did him little or no harm, but the second inflicted a wound upon his head, from the effect of which he fell to the ground senseless, and was conveyed to a surgeon's. He is now suffering from concussion of the brain, and his condition for a time was not without danger; but he is now recovering. The boy, being asked by a woman who witnessed his misconduct, how he could do such a dreadful thing, replied, in the most brutal and disgusting terms, that he wouldn't mind serving her in the same way.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—The unsafe condition of the London streets is being every day made more and more apparent by cases which come before the police magistrates. At the latter end of last week, Mr. Sawyer, a retired tradesman, was walking through John-street, Smith-square, Westminster, when he was pinioned behind by one man, while another robbed him of his gold watch, chain, and seals. Both ruffians then escaped, and Mr. Sawyer, being old and feeble, could not pursue them. From the suddenness of the attack, he is also unable to identify his assailants.

ADVENTUROUS THIEVES.—The house of Mr. Davis, a licensed victualler in High-street, Shoreditch, was broken open during the night, some weeks ago, and a large iron chest, weighing more than three hundred weight, and containing gold and silver money, was, by some extraordinary ingenuity, removed without any noise, though it must have required the efforts of several men. It happened, on the morning of the burglary, a lad met two men, named Thomas Johnson and George Gable, walking by the side of a truck, on which was placed a large iron safe. A police sergeant, accordingly, traced Gable to a public-house, and attempted to arrest him, but was beaten off by some of his companions. He was ultimately, however, taken into custody, together with Johnson; and the two are now under remand at Worship-street.

A BRUTAL STEP-MOTHER.—Jane Mill was charged, at Clerkenwell, with cruelly beating her step-daughter, a little girl nine years of age. The woman was detected in the streets using a thick cane to the child, who screamed violently; and an examination of the sufferer's person showed many bruises and wounds. Mr. Tyrwhitt ordered that the prisoner should appear that day month, when he would see how the child was treated.

CURIOUS CONFESSION.—A very singular instance of voluntary admission of theft in exoneration of another person taxed with the crime recently transpired at the Thames Police Court. A waterman named Isaac Cowdroy (or Corduroy) was brought before Mr. Yardley charged with stealing a watch from Captain Joseph Hamshaw, master of a ship in the London Docks. That gentleman and his wife crossed the river from Horseley-down to the opposite shore in the prisoner's boat. On landing, Captain Hamshaw gave Cowdroy fourpence (a penny more than he was entitled to), when he demanded sixpence. This being refused, he began violently abusing the captain, and followed him and his wife as far as St. Katharine's Dock. Here, after they had crossed the bridge, Cowdroy followed up his vituperations by a personal assault on Captain Hamshaw. The latter knocked the man down, when he was presently surrounded and hustled by a gang of ruffians, and his watch was stolen from him. He managed, however, to hold the waterman until the arrival of the police, when he gave him into custody. Captain Hamshaw's solicitor having stated in Court that the watch had not been traced, the magistrate handed him the following letter on the subject, which is no less remarkable for its orthography and composition than for the motive which dictated it:—"Oct. 25, 1855. —Sir, —I was pascia bye Irongate woff me and my companions when I see a gentleman And a waterman have a Disput a Bout the fare when High words Took place when the Gentlemen struck the waterman, and the waterman struck him Back a Gane They Closed and Fell. During the time me and my Companions apostrected his wach From his tope (top) pocket in His west-cote and left the Chane and ring he Hinde with thout injuring Eathre for We have a Picticklar way in Dowing this Here Dodge bleeve me kind sur the waterman nows nothen a Bout it Hearin hof this i thort i Wood send this to your Worshope the name of the Woch is pool Fenchurch street i thort i Wood be a Pity for an insect man to suffer that all your Worshope." When the letter was read, the prisoner blubbered and denied having stolen the watch. Mr. Yardley believed this, but, for the assault with which he was charged, fined him £2, or twenty-one days' imprisonment.

WIFE BEATING.—One of the worst cases of this nature that have recently been brought forward came before Mr. Hardwick at the Marlborough-street Police Court. A cab-driver, named John Waddell, returned home one night and found his wife and child in bed. He sent the latter out for some gin, and, as soon as the child was gone, dragged the woman out of bed and commenced a series of unprovoked assaults upon her. He tore her hair, tried to throttle her, beat her head with a hammer, and flung some thick boots in her face. Some of the lodgers, alarmed by the cries of the child, interfered; but the savage treatment was repeated at intervals on the following day and evening, when the lodgers again interposed, and found the woman's face streaming with blood. They washed her wounds, and, while they were attending her, Waddell was very violent, said that his wife had done it herself, and upbraided the lodgers for interfering in his own affairs. At last it was found necessary to send for a policeman, who, with the assistance of two other officers, took the cabman into custody, while his wife was removed to the hospital. The poor woman, whose head and face were horribly disfigured from the injuries she had received, could hardly give her evidence, owing to the effects of her husband's violence. In his defence, Waddell merely said that he was drunk at the time. The magistrate was going to send him to the sessions for trial, but,

at the intercession of his wife, who did not wish to press the charge against her husband (probably from fear of the consequences), he sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

MURDER AND REMORSE.—A pit-owner at Ketley near Wolverhampton, has committed a frightful crime. Some of the men below in the pit refused to work. Vaughan, the pit-owner, parleyed with them, and, or being told they were coming up, said he would kill them. He then, in a fit of passion, hurled down the shaft an immense mass of timber. The men below heard it thundering down, and five escaped; but a sixth could not get away with sufficient rapidity, and he was killed. The others shouted up to Vaughan that he had slain the man; upon which, says a Wolverhampton paper, Vaughan seems to have been seized with a paroxysm of fear or remorse, dancing about and tearing his hair and clothes in a frantic manner. He then ran away, but has since been arrested and committed for trial.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—A young man, named Robert Edwin Robinson, is under remand, at Leeds, charged with embezzling money to the amount of upwards of £100, and with purloining railway coupons, the property of his master, a sharebroker at Leeds. He had entered, in his master's name, into dealings in railway stock with a London house, and had appropriated money to pay for the shares he had ordered. On this being discovered, Mr. Marshall, his employer, spoke to him, and he said he had made the purchases because he thought it would do his employer good, as the market was going up; but he afterwards absconded. He is also charged with embezzling about £100 from the Leeds Recreation Society, of which he was secretary.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—Henry Simpson, a ticket-of-leave man, and Henry Mitchell, a person well known to the police, have been sent for trial charged with a robbery at the shop of a linendraper in Brunswick-place, Old Kent-road. The prisoners were discovered in the shop during the night by a watchful police sergeant, who, with the assistance of two constables, apprehended them after a fierce and murderous assistance.

DEALING IN BLIND WOMEN.—Mr. Fergusson, the chief clerk of the Mendicity Society has brought under the notice of the magistrate at Lambeth, the proceedings of a certain Mr. Roper, who professes to be connected with a Distressed Needlewomen's Society, and who has obtained large sums of money on behalf of a blindwoman who is strongly suspected not to exist. The names of the Queen and Prince Albert, according to Mr. Fergusson, have been falsely placed amongst the list of subscribers; and it is said that the pet object of Roper for some years has been a blind needlewoman, a blind girl, or a blind child, the daughter of a needlewoman. In a letter produced by Mr. Fergusson, Roper says:—"We have two more blindwomen on our books."

ISABELLA WARD, who was accused of an assault on a lying-in woman, has been discharged, the magistrate conceiving that she acted from motives of humanity rather than the reverse. It appears that the landlady, and not Ward, who is only a worker at the house, ordered the girl Joyce into the street. It also turns out that the birth was premature by some months; which in some degree explains why the workhouse authorities conceived that the girl was not near her confinement.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.—Considerable time was consumed at Guildhall on Tuesday in investigating a strange charge of forgery. William Radley, who described himself as a civil engineer, was accused of forging the name of Lord Colvill. The evidence showed that some iron safes, &c., had been obtained from Messrs. Milner and Son, by means of letters purporting to be signed by Lord Colvill, but in fact written by Radley. Lord Colvill asserted that he had never given him any authority to write his name, and that he had not received the goods; but Radley said, before Sir Peter Laurie, "I have been greatly deceived by Colvill. He represented himself to me as Lord Colvill, and gave me a power of attorney to act for him, and I thought I was dealing with a person of respectability; instead of that, I found out that in 1848 the House of Lords had decided against his claim to the title of Lord Colvill, and that his name had been struck off the list of peers at Holyrood Palace. I supposed I was authorized by a most respectable man to do what I have done." In cross-examination Lord Colvill admitted that he had in fact given a power of attorney to Radley to act for him; that the house in Grove-hill-terrace, Camberwell, from which the alleged forgeries were dated, had been taken in his name and with his consent, and that the rent had not been paid. Radley further stated that Lord Colvill had had £800 from him, and that he had given him into custody to prevent him offering evidence in an action, touching the prosecutor's disputed title, which was to have been tried that day. His lordship, if so he can be called, was charged at the Mansion-house, some months ago, with stealing a coat and a horsecloth; but the case broke down. It was alleged that he then knew that Radley had obtained the goods in his name, and that he had been seen since walking arm-in-arm with him. This he denied. The accused was remanded, but was admitted to bail.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The *Milan Gazette* publishes an advertisement from the Imperial and Royal Delegation of Pavia, informing the people of that province, that the twelfth instalment of the "voluntary" loan is due, and that payment will be exacted by appeal to law in case of delay in meeting the demand!

Johannes Evangelista Borscinsky, the Bohemian monk, who, for being converted to Protestantism, was for a long time shockingly prosecuted, has effected his escape from Prague, and is now safe in Prussian Lusatia.

Naples has apologized to France for the omission to hoist the Neapolitan colours at Messina, on the 15th of last August (the anniversary of the first Napoleon's birth), in compliment to the French ship of war, *La Gorgone*. The Neapolitan Government, like a good little boy, promises that it will not commit the same offence again. On the subject of the disguised retention of Mazzini, the French and English Governments have again addressed communications to the Neapolitan Ministers.

Cholera is rapidly decreasing in Sicily. An *aserrato* has taken place at Catania. The mob attempted to burn a distillery, under pretence that brandy contributed to increase the epidemic. Several shots were fired, but the troops finally succeeded in dispersing the rioters.

Osman Pasha, who has been chosen by the Sultan of Turkey to replace the Bey of Tripoli, left Malta on the 21st of October, with a numerous suite, for his destination. The Bey of Tunis has received a sword of honour from the Sultan, with the title of Muehr.

The *Wiener Zeitung* contains the appointment of Baron Prokesch to be Internuncio and Minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople, and of Count Rechberg-Rothenlowen to be Presidial Minister at Frankfort.

The *Verona Official Gazette* contains a long article on the late differences of the Western Powers with the Court of Naples. The writer imputes to the Allies a desire to force the King of the Two Sicilies out of the strict neutrality he desires to maintain; and he contends, that it is impossible that that monarch should wish to ally himself with Russia, who would be unable to render him any assistance. "Neither Naples nor Italy," he asserts, "would become more worthy of esteem in the eyes of Europe, if foreign interference in the affairs of Naples should take the character it has assumed in Greece."

The late heavy rains, says the *Times* *Marseilles* correspondent, have caused serious injury in the departments of the Drome and the Isere. A great portion of the valley between Burgoin and La Tour-du-Pin is inundated, and the road from Lyons to Chambéry was covered with water, in some places to the depth of five feet. All travelling was interrupted for several hours. The houses in the village of Cessieux were completely inundated, and consequently abandoned by the inhabitants. The waters of the Rhone had attained their highest elevation and flooded the low grounds. They are now beginning to fall. The Saone still continues to rise.

The prospect of renewed negotiations for peace are thus touched on in a letter from the Vienna correspondent of the *Constitutionnel*:—"I am strongly inclined to believe that the late meeting of the principal diplomatic agents of Prussia at the Castle of Stolzenfels, on the banks of the Rhine, where they assembled at the invitation of the King, is connected with certain efforts of the Berlin Cabinet to renew negotiations of peace between Russia and the Western Powers. Notwithstanding all the mystery observed at Berlin on the subject, it is undeniable that since the capture of Sebastopol secret negotiations have been carried on between the Courts of Prussia and St. Petersburg with regard to the contingencies which the daily successes of the Allies no longer allow to be lightly treated. If we may form a conjecture from some conciliatory expressions dropped by those statesmen who direct as the part of Prussia the Secret negotiations just alluded to, it would appear that the Emperor Alexander is by no means so opposed to the suggestions of a wise and prudent moderation as the official and officious organs of Muscovite diplomacy would lead one to believe. On the contrary, it seems that the Empress Marie Alexandrowna, who has always exercised a legitimate and salutary influence over the mind of her august consort, is now earnestly labouring to secure to the young Czar an honourable medium of communication with the Western Powers. By visiting the theatre of war, the Czar can satisfy himself by personal observation of many things carefully concealed from him; and his sudden resolution to send to the headquarters of Prince Gortschakoff, General Count de Stachelberg and Baron de Benckendorff, the first of whom is attached to the Russian embassy at Vienna and the second to the same embassy at Berlin, imports great probability to the news just arrived from the Prussian capital, to the effect that the Emperor Alexander would make decisive overtures for peace, if Prince Gortschakoff could not maintain his position during the winter in the Crimea. On the other hand, the arrival in Berlin at the same time of the two Prussian Plenipotentiaries at the Courts of St. James's and the Tuilleries suggests the idea that some new proposal is to be made by Prussia to the Western Powers, on the subject of which Baron de Benckendorff and Count Hatzfeld are to receive the verbal instructions of King Frederick William, as well as Baron de Manteuffel."

The clergyman attached to the English embassy at

Vienna was arrested by two gendarmes about fifteen or sixteen miles from the capital, on account of not having a passport with him. He was kept in custody some hours, during which he was moved about from place to place, in search of some proper authority to remove the charge against him; and was at length liberated by the order of Baron Dubain.

The fall in the price of grain in France continues, owing to large importations from America, Algeria, Spain, and the East.

The Archduke Albrecht has left Vienna for Naples, with the intention, it is thought, of conciliating matters between King Bomba and the Allies.

A respectable tradesman of Altona, who happened to be in Helsingfors early this spring, which place he was accustomed to visit in the way of his business, was detained prisoner there by the Governor, lest he should, on his return home, divulge any data connected with the fortress. All his applications by letter to official persons remained unnoticed, until at length, on the 15th ult., the Governor of Jaroslaff handed him a letter from the Danish Minister at St. Petersburg, who had casually heard of his imprisonment, and had procured a order for his liberation. For the purpose of his return home, the Minister sent him one hundred and fifty silver roubles. On this occasion, the Governor, who had ignored him during his imprisonment of five months, gave him back all the letters he had written during that time, none of which had been sent off, although they contained no political matter, and informed him that he would be conveyed by gendarmes to Kienich, in Russian Poland, whence he might cross the frontier into Prussia. This he has done, after undergoing great hardships from travelling three hundred leagues in open country carts, during cold weather, with no other protection than the body clothes that he wore when first arrested five months back. — *Times' Baltic Correspondent.*

Accounts still reach England of the reckless brutality exhibited by the Austrian troops in the Danubian Principalities. Murder and theft are of daily occurrence, and there seems to be completely disorganized, the soldiers being almost independent of their officers. The Moldavian and Wallachian Governments are too weak to interfere, and Austria chooses to ignore the facts.

Sardinia has consented to remove M. Casati from his post at the Tuscan Court, in consideration of his being an Austrian refugee; and her diplomatic relations with France will in future be carried on by a simple Chargé d'Affaires. The quarrel may therefore be considered at an end; and assuredly Austria and her little Duchy have gained the day.

The question of the refugees (says a letter from Vienna in the *Cologne Gazette*) has led to communications between England and several of the Continental Governments. The French Government entertains the same views on the subject as Austria, and it is certain that M. de Persigny has received orders to support the representations of Count Colloredo at the Court of St. James's. It is thought that England will on this occasion be disposed to satisfy the wishes of the continental Powers. The latter, it is said, demand that the Alien Bill of 1848 shall be brought into effect, and that a clause shall be added to it enabling the Government to expel, as a measure of police, any suspected foreigners who may give rise to well-founded complaints on the part of the Governments which are on friendly terms with England.

The Emperor of Russia has acquainted his nobles that it is his intention to maintain untouched all the privileges of their class. This is intended as a stimulant to their zeal in aiding him to carry on the war.

The *New Prussian Gazette* notifies the following singular dinner party:—"The Minister of the Netherlands at the Grand Ducal Court and Consul-General at Mannheim, Von Travers; the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, M. Stolpigne; the Austrian Envoy Extraordinary, Prince Schönburg; and the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Hamilton, have arrived here. The whole of these envoys are invited to dine this evening with H.R.H. the Regent of Baden; as also Baron Rappolt von Bothmann, from Frankfurt, who has been staying here the last two days.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

PIRACY AND MURDER.—The captain and the greater part of the crew of the American ship "John," of New Bedford, have been murdered by two South Sea Islanders who were on board. The captain having told them, they took advantage of the absence of several of the crew, who had gone on shore, and killed him, together with the cook and cooper. The crew returned in two separate boats at different times, and several were attacked and murdered, the rest escaping to their boats, without food or compass. The ship afterwards touched at Roche's Island, and the murderers voluntarily gave an account of their crimes to an Englishman stationed there. This man, assisted by some of the islanders, had previously attempted to board the ship, but they were repulsed by muskets.

MUTINY AT HORFIELD BARRACKS.—A number of men from the Galway militia arrived at the Horfield Barracks (Bristol) on Thursday week, and, upon learning that their promised bounty of 5*l.* was to be less-

ened to the extent of the price of their outfit, became very riotous, attacked their officers with stones, and exhibited so dangerous a spirit, that the artillerymen stationed at the barracks were called out, and a howitzer was planted. The ringleaders were then arrested, and the mutiny was quelled. Government is greatly blamed for promising a sum which, considering the deductions afterwards made, is nominal and deceptive.

GUNBOAT BUILDING ON THE MERSEY.—The vigour with which the war is to be prosecuted next season, and the provisions being made by Government for every contingency, may be inferred from the fact that the facilities possessed by the port of Liverpool for building vessels of every description are being made available. Mr. John Laird, the successful builder of the troop steamships *Resolute* and *Assistance*, is now building at his Birkenhead and Liverpool yards several wooden gunboats of about 240 tons each, and six or seven feet draught of water, the whole to be finished by the spring.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—On board the troop-ship *Smoom*, which has just left Spithead for Balaklava, with the 1st Light Infantry Regiment of the Anglo-German Legion, is a young woman belonging to that regiment, who is now serving as a soldier. Her sex was not discovered till shortly before the vessel started; and she begged hard to be allowed to accompany her husband, who is a Swiss, while she herself is a Frenchwoman. The regiment is filled with the greatest enthusiasm at her conduct, and visitors to the ship have subscribed upwards of £20 for her. She shoulders her rifle, and performs her military evolutions, to perfection.

TWO ENGLISH MILITARY COMMISSIONS, the one under Colonel Wilmot, the other under Colonel Smith, are at present in Prussia, investigating the manufacture of small arms, which has attained in that country a high degree of perfection. They have been received with great courtesy by the Minister of War, who has shown every willingness to admit them to the different Government works. The Commissions will afterwards visit France.

LIEUTENANT PALMER.—The inhabitants of Wrexham have given a dinner to Lieutenant Palmer of the 11th Hussars, who left the possession of large property in England to follow the fortunes of the war, and who has now just returned from the Crimea. In the course of his speech, the Lieutenant said, referring to Balaklava—in the celebrated cavalry charge of which he was concerned:—"When I returned to the ground from which we had moved off, I saw a sight such as I trust I shall never see again, for out of five entire regiments, which but one short half hour before had received the order to advance, you could not then have formed as many troops. Soon after this, came the battle of Inkerman, in which, however, the cavalry can claim but a small share, for the credit of that day was due to those few thousand gallant men who for so many hours held at bay an enormously superior force of the enemy. (Cheers.) Once, and once only, during that day, did I fear for the result; and that was when I saw the Russians come over the crest of a hill, about half a mile from where we were drawn up; but the English charged them with the bayonet, and soon drove them back. When I went over the ground the next morning on duty, a line of dead Russians, like the trace that a wave leaves upon the seashore, marked the precise spot to which they had advanced."

MILITIA PAY.—The officers of the Royal Cork City Artillery having applied to the Lord-Lieutenant to obtain increased pay, equal to that of the officers of the Royal Artillery, his Excellency, considering that the subject had probably been already under consideration in reference to the Militia Artillery in England, has in reply stated that he had caused inquiry to be made at the War-office, and had been informed that there was no intention of assimilating the rates of pay, as the question was very fully considered last December, and the existing rates were then determined on. As at present advised, therefore, his Excellency saw no grounds for departing from the system which prevails in England.

FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.—A letter from Sebastopol to the *Ost-Deutsche Post* says that the new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron, and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during an action. Trials have been made against this shell with 64-pounders, but they only produced a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shot, the batteries look like a tortoise, broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre. The portholes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.

MILITARY MANNERS AT HELIGOLAND.—A story is told by a correspondent of the *Daily News*, which, if the allegations be true, reflects great discredit on the son of the Governor of Heligoland, Captain Sir John Hindmarsh, R.N., K.H. Mr. Hindmarsh met a sergeant of the Anglo-German Legion, who did not touch his hat as he passed. On being spoken to, the sergeant excused himself by saying that Mr. Hind-

marsh (who, by the way, has no military rank or appointment) was in plain clothes; but the Governor's son, far from being mollified, knocked off the sergeant's hat and cuffed him on the ears. This has excited so much indignation among the legion that Mr. Hindmarsh has been obliged to leave the island.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS FOR SEPTEMBER.—The Board of Trade returns for the month ending the 30th of September were issued on Saturday, and present continued indications of an active commerce. Compared with the month ending the 10th of October last year, which was one of considerable depression, they show an apparent falling off of £180,906 in the declared value of our exportations; but, as the tables on that occasion comprised thirty-five days instead of only thirty days, it will be necessary in this instance to add a sixth to the total to enable any contrast to be made. In such case, instead of a falling off, there would appear an augmentation of more than £1,300,000. With regard to imported commodities, the same allowance of an additional sixth would have to be made to arrive at a comparative estimate of the two periods. Even in that case, however, it would be seen that considerable economy has been practised in the consumption of most articles of food and luxury. — *Times.*

THE SHIPPING RETURNS of the Board of Trade for the month ending the 30th of September have been issued. The period with which they are compared in 1853 and 1854, being from the 5th of September to the 10th of October, embraces thirty-five days. An addition of a sixth must therefore be made to the present total to enable an estimate to be formed of the relative employment of tonnage in the several cases. This would bring the aggregate entries to 709,224 tons, and the clearances to 998,062 tons, showing again a great decline in the number of arrivals, but an increase in the departures sufficient to demonstrate the activity of our export trade. With regard to the coasting trade, the tonnage entered inwards was 1,217,221 in the month ending the 10th of October, 1853; in the same month of 1854, it was 1,316,086; and in that ending the 30th of September last, it was 1,079,430, including 33 foreign vessels of an aggregate burden of 6,516 tons. The clearances outward for the respective periods were 1,321,700 in 1853, 1,427,804 in 1854, and 1,170,728 (including 5,272 tons of foreign) in 1855. — *Idem.*

INTOLERANCE IN IRELAND.—Mr. Wallace, a Wesleyan minister, has been in the habit recently of preaching in the open air on the pier at Kingstown, Ireland. The "feelings" of a certain Mr. Galvin, a Roman Catholic, having been hurt by this exhibition, he assaulted Mr. Wallace, and an action at law was the consequence. There was a counter-charge of assault against the clergyman; but when the counsel for the prosecution was about to reply to this allegation, Baron Richards stopped him, and laid down the law emphatically in favour of Mr. Wallace's preaching publicly. Finally, the parties came to an agreement, and the prosecution was abandoned.

THE SAXON IN IRELAND.—Mr. Edward B. Hartopp, a Leicestershire gentleman, has purchased several large estates in Ireland, and the most beneficial results have flowed from his sagacity, humanity, and command of capital. The peasantry regard him with the greatest enthusiasm and love. "Mr. Hartopp," says a parish priest in Kerry, "is a model landlord. He was always, from principle, opposed to extermination. He saw, with a wise foresight, that this odious system would work out its own retribution in the tracts of waste lands, scarcity of labour, and consequent neglect of agricultural industry, which, unhappily, is now but too apparent on those estates where the experiment was tried. A tenant on Mr. Hartopp's estate is seldom disturbed; the smallest holder is confident in security. During the famine years, Mr. Hartopp gave munificent subscriptions in aid of the several charitable institutions then established. He made a general reduction of twenty-five per cent. in his rents, which he has since continued. He subscribed £200 towards the building of a chapel on his estate, and built, at his own expense, a large school for the children of his tenantry, which has been placed under the superintendence of the Board of National Education. In fact, his good acts are innumerable, and will, I confidently hope, meet their well-merited reward."

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The mortality in London is much below the usual average rate which prevails within its limits. The deaths of 903 persons were registered in the week that ended on Saturday, October 27th; while the corrected average of the corresponding weeks of the previous ten years was 1,079. The weekly deaths would amount to 836 in London, if the annual rate of mortality did not exceed the natural rate of seventeen deaths in 1,000; so in the present week sixty-seven deaths by unnatural causes have been recorded. Of the 903 persons who died, 437 were under twenty years of age, 129 were twenty and under forty, 155 were forty to sixty, 158 were sixty to eighty, and 24 were eighty years of age and upwards. 219 persons died of zymotic diseases, including seven by cholera, ten by small-pox, fifty-eight by scarlatina, forty-nine by typhus or by the various forms of fever. The death of the late Secretary of State

for the Colonies in the Belgrave sub-district, at the age of forty-five, is referred to "gastric fever and low peritonitis." Two men died from peritonitis in St. George's Hospital, which is in the same sub-district; a baker, aged twenty-sixth, from Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, and a glider, aged thirty-one, from Thomas-street, Oxford-street. The ravages of scarlatina in St. Pancras, where it has caused thirteen deaths, require investigation. The seven cases of death from cholera demand unusual attention. The deaths from diarrhoea have fallen from 154 weekly in August to 51, 44, 41 in October, and in the last week to 27. Eighteen persons died of cancer, 116 of consumption, 54 of apoplexy and paralysis, 35 of diseases of heart, and 19 of dropsy; 105 of bronchitis and pneumonia; 9 women died in childbirth. Twenty-seven violent deaths were registered. In the week, the births of 737 boys and 790 girls, in all 1,527 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1,411.—

From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.

QUARTERLY RETURNS OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.—The Registrar-General's Quarterly Return (marriages, April, May, June, 1855; births and deaths, July, August, September, 1855) has been published during the present week. From this document we learn that 88,454 marriages were registered in the quarter ending June 30th, or less by 1,935 than the number in the corresponding quarter of the previous year, when the marriages were considerably above the average. 154,834 births were registered in the quarter that ended on September 30th. The deaths were 87,934. The natural increase of the population of England and Wales in the quarter, is 66,900, which makes the gain of people in nine months, in that part of the empire, 157,147. The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom, which was 109,286 in the summer quarter of 1852, has fallen to 44,698; thus showing that the births, which are generally found simply to counterbalance the emigration, are this quarter greatly ahead of it. The deaths in London during the quarter, were 13,084; and generally, the health of towns exhibits improvement. This is variously attributed to fine weather, active employment in the harvest, with good wages, frugality, and temperance, promoted by the high price of provisions, the removal of portions of the population by war, and improved sanitary arrangements. The question of the state of the population as influenced by the war we have considered in a separate paper in our leading columns.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.—The remains of Sir William Molesworth were on Saturday last interred in Kensal-green, in a grave near that of the late Duke of Sussex. Six mourning coaches followed the hearse. A deputation from South-wark attended to the grave the remains of their representative, and the carriages of Lord Palmerston, Lord Pamure, the Duke of Somerset, Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, and other political and private friends of the deceased, closed the procession. In deference to the expressed wish of Sir William, the funeral was of the most private character.

THE JERSEY REFUGEES.—All the refugees who signed the declaration which we printed last week have been expelled from Jersey by order of Sir George Grey. Several of the exiles have arrived at Guernsey; and Victor Hugo is expected there, if by this time he have not reached that island.

TWO LITERARY CLAIMANTS.—Mr. Walter Savage Lander has written to the *Times* to urge on the public notice the claims to relief of James Defoe, a descendant of the immortal author of *Robinson Crusoe*. James, who is the great-grandson of Daniel, is now living in the utmost penury. Another claimant on the good-feeling of the nation is Miss Lowe, the daughter of Maunius Lowe, a painter, and friend of Dr. Johnson, who, with her sister, is still living at an advanced age, and in poverty, which threatens to deepen into pauperism. Miss Lowe was a godchild of the doctor. A gift of 100*l.* has been made to her from some fund by Lord Palmerston, who was appealed to by a body of gentlemen, including Mr. Hallam, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Albany Fonblanque, Mr. Disraeli, Sir Charles Eastlake, Dean Milman, Professor Owen, &c. But this gift will soon be consumed; and an appeal is therefore made to those who have a heart and intellect to comprehend its sacredness. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Coult. We are sure that neither this nor the preceding application will be made in vain.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF JOSEPH WINDLE COLE.—The examination of this bankrupt (who, it will be remembered, was mixed up in certain fraudulent transactions with Davidson and Gordon) has been adjourned *sine die*, with liberty, on the part of the bankrupt, to apply for a sitting for examination, if he wished to do so, before the expiration of his criminal sentence of four years' penal servitude. Mr. Murray, for the assignees, stated that, from a cash account which had been obtained since the last examination, it appeared that in 1852 the payments of the bankrupt amounted to £1,531,708 11*s.* 6*d.*; in 1853, £2,000,744 0*s.* 4*d.*; in 1854, £770,751 18*s.* 6*d.*; making a total of upwards of £4,300,000.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH ON A RAILWAY.—William Taylor, a night signal-man on the Midland Railway at

Haresfield, was found in a dying state on the platform of the Haresfield station, surrounded by a pool of blood; and shortly afterwards he died. An inquest has been held, and it appeared from the evidence, which was very voluminous, that the several trains passing the Haresfield station were duly signalled by Taylor, or some other person, up to about midnight on the 18th of October. Soon after that time, the signal-man's brother, Daniel Taylor, and a man named Oliver, came to the station, and, not finding the deceased in his box, searched for him, and found him lying on the platform in a pool of blood. Daniel Taylor at once charged Mr. Fry, the Haresfield station-master, with killing his brother, and the down goods train from Gloucester was stopped by Fry, who said he was afraid Daniel Taylor would murder him. Fry, on the arrival of the goods train, ran and hid himself behind it, and rode in the van with the guard to the next station at Stonehouse, where he obtained medical assistance for the wounded man. Next morning, Daniel Taylor told a person named Copner that he had found on the line an iron bar covered with blood. A guard on the railway stated in his evidence that Daniel Taylor seemed to be quite drunk, and that Fry appeared to have been drinking. The adjourned inquest terminated in a verdict to the effect that the deceased had been killed by a blow on the head, but how or by whom inflicted there was not satisfactory evidence to show.

AMERICA.—The chief news from the United States this week has reference to the difference between the American and the English Governments; but these details will be found in a separate article. From California we hear, that Mr. J. Neely Johnson, the Know-nothing candidate for Governor, has defeated Governor Bigler by about five thousand majority, and the whole American State "ticket" is elected. The Know-nothings have also secured a majority in the State Legislature. Cholera is very rife in various parts of the State; and the town of Weaverville, as well as the village of Grass Valley, have been destroyed by fire. A diplomatic "difficulty" has arisen between the United States and New Grenada, owing to the alleged illegal arrest and detention of an American named Hunter, who was charged with breach of trust. The new constitution of Panama was to be promulgated on the 15th of October. Colonel Kinney has resigned the Governorship, of San Juan, and a meeting has been called to make a new selection. The English Consul has notified the Colonel that, in the event of his re-election, his authority would be recognised by him as the British representative. Advice from Mexico to the 8th state that the garrison at the capital had sworn allegiance to General Alvarez. General Bonde had been appointed Commandant-General in place of La Vega, removed. Alvarez had formed a new Ministry as follows:—Senor Ocalpo, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Comonfort, Minister of War; Senor Juarez, Minister of Interior and Justice; Senor Prieto, Minister of Finance.

DROWNED.—Mr. John Trementhere Johns, a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, was drowned a few days ago, in consequence of the upsetting of a canoe, in which he was racing against two friends. He was unable to swim, and soon sunk.

A TRAGEDY OF "THE TIMES."—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in the second column of the *Times* of Thursday—that mysterious second column which contains so many dusky hints of the daily "romances of real life":—"HORE.—By that pure love I have struggled to preserve, with every effort of my soul, by that bitter cup you have given, and I drank to the dregs—by those ties no man can sever—by promises made to those now no more—I will see you. Be true to yourself and to me. Oh! M—y! M—y! I would save you the pangs of error—God forbid of crime—and though the passion, jealousy, hate, and madness you have excited—be scorned and denied—when the serpent you foster is wearied—yes, even then—here is your haven, when all forsake. God protect you—D—." Immediately above this we find the annexed:—"HORE.—There is time. A letter will be most welcome. Address to D.—Yours, W." It is to be presumed that the two have a connexion.

IRON PAVING.—The City Commissioners of Sewers have determined to give a trial to the new iron paving invented by an American, and now in use at Boston and New York. Mr. Heywood, the engineer to the commission, states that this pavement "is formed of cast iron frames divided into sections, the divisions being sufficiently close together to prevent the admission of horses' hoofs; the runs and divisions are about one inch in width on the top, closely grooved to about an inch in depth; the various frames are so designed that to a certain extent there would be a principle of connexion and mutual dependence throughout a paving when composed of them. They are laid upon the usual substratum, and in the same manner as granite pavings, being filled in with gravel stones, or concrete."

AN ENGLISH CONSUL A SLAVEHOLDER.—The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, about a month ago, brought under the notice of Lord Clarendon the fact that Mr. Samuel Vines, our consul at Para, Brazil, was the proprietor of three slaves. The Foreign Secretary accordingly made inquiries, and obtained Mr. Vines' version of the circumstances; the final result

being that, "although he is convinced that Mr. Vines was actuated in what he did by benevolent and praiseworthy motives, yet, as the law of England absolutely prohibits British subjects from owning or holding slaves, under any circumstances whatsoever, Lord Clarendon has informed Mr. Vines that his conduct in this transaction has been entirely disapproved, and that, if any similar cause for complaint should arise, it will not be again passed over." The correspondence between the society and Mr. Hammond, Lord Clarendon's secretary, has just been published.

STATE OF TRADE.—The commercial reports from the provinces for the week ending last Saturday present nothing new, but, looking at the state of the money market, their character is still very satisfactory. At Manchester, although the commencement of the week was marked by increased dulness, there was a much better tone towards the close. The Birmingham advices describe no alteration, and in the iron-market the effect of the condition of the country seems thus far to have been limited to checking a tendency to an undesirable advance in prices. As regards the general trade of the place, some additional encouragement has been imparted by the last accounts from Australia. At Nottingham, the operations have been of a moderate but not unfavorable nature, and the orders from the United States are to a fair extent. In the woollen districts, business continues inactive; but there is confidence as to the prospect of a good winter trade. In the Irish linen markets, the high rates of discount have entirely stopped the progress of recovery.—*Times*.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The morning Scotch mail train, on Monday, ran off the line near Lancaster, and broke into the divisions which rolled over the embankment on each side, and fell into the fields. The guard was severely injured, the flesh of one of his arms being stripped off to the bone; and four of the passengers were also seriously hurt. The cause of the accident was a bale of cotton which had fallen from a goods train that had passed but a short time previously. The carriages were completely smashed to atoms, but no one was killed.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—A boiler has exploded near Edinburgh, killing three persons, while two others were seriously hurt.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, November 3rd.

THE BALTIC.

Dantzic, Thursday Evening.

The Lightning has arrived, and is to remain here till further orders.

The Vulture, with the mail from the fleet is expected to-morrow.

The fleet is still at Nargen.

The weather continues stormy.

Hamburg, November 1st.

The Ajax and Hogue have arrived at Kiel.

Other ships are expected from the Baltic.

Berlin, Thursday Evening.

We have rumours of enforced changes in the higher ranks of the Russian officials.

Count Kleinmichel, the Minister of Roads and Public Works, is to be replaced by General Tchertkine, from the Department of Mines.

LORD STANLEY, M.P.

At a meeting held at Fakenham for the promotion of education in the district, the chairman, Captain Townshend, M.P., read the following letter from Lord Stanley, M.P.:

"St. James-square, Oct. 21.

"My dear Sir,—I write to express my deep regret and annoyance at the inconvenience which my absence may cause to you and to your friends.

"The reason of that absence I cannot at this moment fully explain; I will do so when permitted, and in the meantime I must beg you to believe in my assurance that it is of a nature to leave me no option whatever as to coming or staying. I go down to Knowsley to-night.

"Believe me very faithfully yours,

"STANLEY.

"I telegraphed to you within half-an-hour of being made acquainted with the circumstances which changed my plans. This is all I can say at present.

"Sir W. Jones, Bart."

Having read the letter, the chairman remarked that he suspected there was some "state occasion" for the noble lord's absence.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF WAR WITH AMERICA.

THE civil consequences resulting from hostile relations with America would not necessarily stand deferred entirely until the actual outbreak or declaration of war. We should feel them beforehand; and a list only of the principal evils is sufficient warning of that which the community has at stake.

In the first place, there is the cotton trade—that is, the wealth and property of Liverpool and America. Liverpool might sell three-quarters of its shipping, or all. Manchester must shut up her factories for want of the raw material to work them, and of a great market to receive her manufactories.

But indeed, Bristol, London, Belfast, Glasgow, all the commercial outlets of the country, the whole trade of the United Kingdom, would, to a certain extent, suffer. If we do not fear Russia on the highways of the seas, should we feel the same perfect fearlessness towards America? It is true that her navy is not strong; but how long has it taken her to build ships? Is not one of the very pretexts for the present movement by our Executive the statement that privateers are building in New York for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? If the men of the Union are building privateers for Russia, cannot they build war-ships for themselves? Do they want their millions, the men, or the skill? Would they then want the will? There is not a branch of our trade that is carried afloat that would not be endangered by the war with America. We laugh at Russia, but our Transatlantic enemy would make our most sanguine traders and hardest seamen look grave.

The war with Russia has entailed an increased taxation upon us. It has about doubled our ordinary imposts. Supposing that the war with America did not cost us more, we should be spending about three times as much, yet that would not represent the whole of the loss to us. If we actually manage to convey any commerce by sea, the under-writers would expect a heavy insurance, and we should positively pay taxes to the Americans: for, what is under-writing but distributing over the many losses incurred by the few? And the prices which America would take would have their exact equivalent in the diminished prices realized by our own traders, with interest for the under-writers.

We have spoken only of the Union: the loyalty of Canada is said to be firm; yet the Canadians are rather hurt at not having had more attention shown to them,—more consideration for their loyalty,—more commissions for their officers,—more honours to be competed for on an equality with the people of this country. The loyalty of Canada we believe to be quite sincere; but if there were a war of principles between monarchy which has remained so exclusive as ours, and republicanism which is so inclusive; is it not possible that the republican party in Canada might at least put us to some trouble, and that the trade with

Canada would not have to pay on both sides a proportionate insurance?

Our harvest is slightly deficient this year; we do not anticipate much practical diminution of our bread, because we expect ample supplies from abroad—but whence? From America.

Aye, it may be said America has as much to lose as we have by hostilities. Granted. We know that we are not mistaken when we say that the Americans would be as strongly disinclined to war as we can. Nay, they are more so; they have not taken the initiative in provocation: we have placed them on the provoked side. There is, moreover, this difference between us and America: In this country, if a man loses his employ, ten to one his bread is gone; his only *locus standi* is the workhouse. In America, there are few men of activity and energy who are not jacks-of-all-trades, following, probably, two occupations, and finding readily two more occupations open for them if the one fails; and if there is nothing else, there is the land to fall back upon.

America, therefore, could more readily, and would more cheerfully, make the sacrifices that otherwise should deter both sides from the war. Let us for a moment suppose that the trade between the two countries is stopped. Bread riots would not then be a tragedy-comedy, partaking of the theatrical; there would be a stern reality in them. Nor would they be confined to London; nor would they be caused only by the failure of bread. There would be failure of wages; thousands upon thousands out of work in Lancashire. Paint that picture of the possible future—Manchester out of work—with all its incidents!

Nor, we have said, should we wait for all the evils until the actual declaration. The very fear of it would stop many a cotton cargo, delay many a bale of goods, keep back many a barrel of flour, throw out of work many a sailor, many a factory-hand; give employment to the under-writers, set an anticipative tax upon all our trades, increase our payments, stop our income, beat down our hearts, and fill the working-classes of this country with bitterness ranking against those who could have dragged us into such a condition.

THE REFUGEES.

WE have already recorded our protest against the ill-chosen language of the refugees in Jersey. We have now to protest against a violation of right, if not of law, committed by the Governor, and approved by certain classes of people in that island. It has also been sanctioned, we infer, by Lord PALMERSTON.

Thirty-seven exiles, who had found an asylum in Jersey, who had not broken the law, and who, if they had offended, had offended only opinions, have been expelled by edict, under circumstances of insult and violence. It was not enough that the loyal inhabitants of the island had repudiated the sentiments of the refugees, which they had a right to do, considering that they were not themselves proscribed. A good deal of unnecessary bluster was excited, and language used by the Jersey editors, as well as by editors in England, which in virulence at least equalled, and in brutality exceeded, any expressions contained in the obnoxious number of *L'Homme*. Even this, however, was not more than what we expected from a public which never thinks, and from a press which the public licences to hypocrisy. It was natural that people also, who had admired the freedom of Lord BROUGHAM's anonymous letter to the QUEEN—popular and applauded, in its day—should be astounded at the familiarity of M. FELIX PYAT. It was inevitable that others, who understood

neither the French language, nor Roman Catholic figures of speech, should detect blasphemy in a proverbial expression. It was logically probable that good citizens who were delighted when LOUIS NAPOLEON declared himself necessary to the ALMIGHTY, should have clear ideas of piety. All this was essential to the consistence of the English character. But we must regret that the Jersey officials have obliterated the error of the refugees, by tyrannical, barbarous, and cowardly act.

Looking calmly at the document, which was the original cause of offence, we are bound to say that its purport has been greatly exaggerated, or rather misunderstood. It was a mistake, it was ill-advised, ill-considered, ill-timed. As addressed to an English lady, it contained phrases which few Englishwomen could be expected to apply in their true sense. The refugees, also, imitated the first NAPOLEON, by intigating the assassination of the French EMPEROR, though the French EMPEROR has no right to complain of them, since he has pensioned the man who attempted to assassinate the Duke of WELLINGTON. Men who conceive that they may, with their own hands, consummate public justice, are bound to fulfil their project themselves, if it is to be fulfilled at all. No one condemns MUTIUS SCAEVOLA; but every one would have condemned him had he sought to do his work by deputy.

We are not able to say whether the last act of the Government in Jersey is a direct infringement of any public act. We are inclined to believe that it is not, and that the right of refuge in that island has not been adequately secured by law; but whatever reasons existed for expelling M.M. RIBEYROLLES, PIANCIANI, and THOMAS—the only reason being that Government had the power to do it—the expulsion of the thirty-four others is, upon the face of it, unjust. They were not included in the order by which the first-named three were forced to leave the island. Consequently—and it is so avowed—their offence consisted in the publication, after that date, of a document which is made, by the British Government, an excuse for treating violently and pusillanimously a number of helpless men, exiled for their resistance to a military usurpation.

Allowing that by the publication of a defamatory or impious document the refugees could have deserved such a penalty, what did their second declaration contain? Did it contain one false statement, or one treasonable word?

It stated that RIBEYROLLES, PIANCIANI, and THOMAS had been banished from Jersey by 'an act as arbitrary as the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON. That LOUIS NAPOLEON, by the sentence of the legally-constituted High Court of Justice in France, is liable to arrest and punishment. (The judicial sentence being quoted, with the signatures of the five judges, and of the Procureur-Generals.) That he had taken and broken his oath as an official. That he had betrayed a constitution to which he had sworn fidelity. That he had violated the highest laws of France. That he had imprisoned the representatives of the people, by law inviolable. That he used violence upon the judges. That he had massacred men, women, and children on the Boulevards. That he had guillotined three citizens who had endeavoured to serve upon him the writ of arrest. That he had bribed the soldiers, functionaries, and magistrates. That he had confiscated public and private property. That he had proscribed or executed forty thousand French citizens, transporting some to the galleys of Africa, some to the putrid marshes of Cayenne. That when he had done all this, the English press execrated him for doing it,

and that they, the refugees, could not declare the crimes of 1848 to be the virtues of 1855.

This is the exact substance of the declaration. We are not seeking to revive the memory of the *Coup d'Etat*. We desire only to know what parts of the statement was false. What part of it was so violent as the language of the *Times* and every other London organ ("with one base exception") in December, 1848? Would the Jersey refugees have been expelled had they reprinted the letters of *An Englishman*? These are grave questions. We, who do not think our liberties so secure that we may afford to violate the principle on which they rest, wish to learn upon what authority thirty-seven gentlemen, some of them of European reputation, and all of high culture, have been driven from Jersey, by an edict as absolute as the Firman of a Pasha.

It is to be remembered that the original paper in *L'Homme* has not been translated at length by the English journals. Colonel PIANCIANI, one of the editors, affirms that the text was garbled, mutilated, misrepresented. The public, at all events, must be set right on this point.

On another point there can be no doubt. Lynch law was openly advised at the indignation meeting in Jersey. We do not suppose that the hooting natives of the island were conscious of the murderous nature of the proposition; but it would have taken away their right to complain had any illegal action been committed. The self-elected champions of law, order, and decency are not the proper authorities to recommend personal violence, tumult, and the risk of bloodshed. It has been established, we believe, that a large police force was required to prevent the citizens from destroying Colonel PIANCIANI'S house, with Californian ferocity. Incendiary and libellous placards were posted, with no effort, on the part of the officials, to suppress them. Some of the high-minded loyalists are reported to have volunteered to betray the refugees to the French EMPEROR, or to sink them in the bay. Great moderation was ascribed to certain military enthusiasts who were merely disposed to commit an act of felony, and effect the destruction of the refugee printing-press.

It must not be supposed that all, or a majority of the Jersey people concurred in this policy of violence. Several of the magistrates, lawyers, and merchants of the islands, called upon the doubly proscribed (the word "proscribed" being at last naturalized in England), persons, assured them of their sympathy, and bade them appeal to public justice. A protest on a larger scale was afterwards made against the Governor's abuse of his authority, which, however, appears to have been sanctioned by Lord PALMERSTON.

While we are upon this subject, it is proper to notice the efforts made by a section of persons, loud in tongue, but whose influence is inappreciable, to fasten upon M. MAZZINI a charge of venality. The charge, formally preferred, has been formally investigated and disproved. The proof, too, is of a nature that fixes upon the originators of the accusation the disgrace of a deliberate and unmistakable prevarication. In itself, the statement was too absurd to need repetition; it was discredited by the source whence it came, and we should not notice it, were there not grounds for thinking, that a total contempt of the calumny might be misconstrued. Free at all times to criticise the policy of Messrs. KOSUTH and MAZZINI, the English liberals appreciate their character, but are not surprised to see it assailed by the itinerants of Birmingham.

The character of these underling-agitators is presented by Mr. J. A. LAGFORD, formerly

their honorary secretary. They have concerted "an organization of scurrility, defamation, malignity, and abuse." There is yet health in the industrious classes.

SCHEMES IN ITALY.

AN intrigue that may lead to most calamitous and disgraceful consequences, if public attention be not in time directed towards it, is at present going on in Italy, secretly countenanced by France, and, we are afraid, not sufficiently discountenanced by England. Its object is to place LUCIEN MURAT on the throne of Naples, and even to extend his dominions northwards as far as the Po. The remainder of Italy, including Lombardy and the Venetian territory, is to be given temporarily to the KING of SARDINIA; but of course it is foreseen that between this new power and France, despite the promised protection of England, it will be impossible for any state to hold its position long. The two BONAPARTIST dominions will therefore soon join the two frontiers on the top of the Alps, and the blessings of slavery will extend without interruption from the cliffs in sight of Dover to the mountains in sight of Malta.

There has been a good deal of talk in the press, and in various continental circles, of this scheme; but it does not seem to be generally known or admitted that the PRETENDER is moving heaven and earth to procure adherents; that his agents are at work in all quarters; that he has emissaries in Sicily, in Naples, at Rome, in Tuscany, but especially Piedmont; and that the precious constitutional press of that last kingdom—as the *Opinione*, the *Unione*, the *Piemont*—is actively engaged in applauding and propagating the ideas on which this culpable conspiracy is based. It is necessary to add, that the *Diritto*, a truly Liberal paper, yet strictly Constitutional, has had the courage to make a dashing charge into the enemy's camp—as a punishment for which the Government, at the instigation of the French REPRESENTATIVE, has commenced a prosecution against it, under pretence, that it has insulted the EMPEROR. Insulted the EMPEROR! We should have thought he had been hardened to that by this time.

Our private letters from Paris and Turin, tell us that many persons, long accustomed to watch the course of public events, remained doubtful whether this fatal scheme was really approved by the French Government, until a paragraph appeared in the *Moniteur*, denouncing it. Certainty then succeeded to doubt. No one, who knows the steps of LOUIS NAPOLEON, indeed, can hesitate to believe that to be true which he publicly and solemnly asserts to be false. It is not necessary to repeat his history, to ransack documents, in order to prove what we advance. Every one knows, that the Roman Expedition, the *Coup d'Etat*, the Assumption of the Imperial Crown, the War in the East, were preceded—not merely by official perjuries, but by multiplied, and apparently, gratuitous and wanton assertions of a contrary policy. In this, consists the art of the great Modern Man. If he could guide the world thus, to peace and happiness, and prosperity, and virtue, perhaps, we would absolve him. But is this possible? Do we not, on the contrary, see signs, on every side, that immorality in high places generates greatly immorality below? Is it not self-evident, that he who will lie, must apologise for that lie when a Crown is at stake—that he who commits or approves of a public crime, is not a safe person to trust with a secret or a purse?

Secret, and therefore more dangerous, support of the French Government—pusillanimous or corrupt connivance of the Piedmontese Government—stupid carelessness of the future, in our Cabinet—with these aids, can we wonder that LUCIEN MURAT is active and confident—that his

party is insolent and almost triumphant? The most remarkable fact in all this—for the conduct of France is not remarkable—is the extraordinary attitude of the Piedmontese Ministry. No Parliament, it is true, is on foot to watch them; and the KING is broken down by illness. They are, therefore, free to do as they please, and this is the use they make of their freedom. At least, so says our correspondence. We are almost inclined to hope that the Ministerial press—not celebrated for integrity—has, simply been allowed to run riot by accident, and that the articles which have excited the fears and indignation of our Liberal friends have been launched from a distance, with something inside to weight them, as is usually the case, in sending such light rubbish. Perhaps, a Morning Journal, read by club politicians and fine ladies—also by chamber-maids,—could inform us how their matters are managed.

There can scarcely be two opinions as to the character of the actual Government of Naples. It is abominable and intolerable. It must be changed, or checked. But is the only alternative a new tyrant, not able, not clever himself, but who has a mighty protector who is? Verily, the situation of Naples is less pitiable now—when there is, at least, a chance of some immediate change for the better—than it would be under the heavy BONAPARTIST gripe, expecting release only from a general European conflagration. The true liberals, who bear their exile with dignity, all protest against this infamous project, and profess themselves willing to wait for what the future may bring forth, as they are not disposed to buy a moment's breathing-time by handing over their country to a more ignoble and unintellectual tyranny, than that which now stifles it. The weight of a BOURBON is heavy enough, they say; but what is it to the weight of France?

The author of a pamphlet on the Neapolitan Question—written with some temper and art, just published in Piedmont—professes to prove that Naples has nothing to expect from the liberal party it possesses; nothing to expect from VICTOR EMMANUEL, and that, therefore, it must throw itself into the arms of LUCIEN MURAT. Upon this, up goes the cry in the Ministerial press of Turin; and in society, too, we are told that we have here a masterpiece of reasoning. They do not so much admire the style, the moderation, the main body of facts, as the logic—the irrefutable logic. Great judges of logic are these gentlemen! Heaven help the country that is guided by such masters of syllogism! Do not they live under the shade of a constitution? Cannot they reflect that if a republic be impossible—and it appears for the present to be impossible—and if the Bourbon be intolerable—which he seems to be—there is something better to do than to go begging about all Europe for the first PRINCE, PRETENDER, or Pander, who will consent to play the BOURBONIAN game over again, with stranger antics? The present King may be constrained to abdicate. Oporto is a good refuge for late Sovereigns. He has sons and brothers in plenty. The hereditary Prince, the DUKE of CATALINA, would not do; but he has five sons by a second marriage. Out of these a puppet might be chosen. We could give hints from England how to pull the strings. Is not this a more reasonable way of settling the question, than to assist in exalting another adventurer from the back slums of London or New York to a throne, the steps of which he may stain with blood, but the cushions of which, when successful, he will stain only or chiefly by debauch.

We cannot expect to convince the wretched exiles who have given their adherence to this scheme. Any means will appear good to them by which they may hope, even on their knees, to creep back into their lovely country. They will even agree to assist in oppressing it. But

the tone of the press of Piedmont is really alarming to those who had begun to hope that the experiment of constitutional government was being tried with success in that country. The writers should learn, or be made to learn, that liberty is never protected by laws and regulations. It must rely chiefly for safety on public spirit, on the diffusion of wholesome ideas—on love, generally spread, of what is good, and hatred of what is evil. If those who undertake to form the doctrines of a country throw over at the first opportunity the wholesome maxims of justice, and go trooping after immediate advantage; if they are ready to flatter tyranny because it is strong and rampant in a neighbouring country, and connive at its immoral schemes of aggrandizement, we may expect soon to see them deprived even of the license to do this wrong, and fall deservedly back to the intellectual thralldom of Lombardy or France.

What is Count Cavour doing? Does he read the papers which occasionally receive subsidies from the treasury? Is he aware that they receive, probably, subsidies from a different quarter? Is he too weak, too indolent, too confident, or too corrupt to check these misdeeds? Why is the task of explaining their policy left to an opposition paper? and why is that paper prosecuted? Is that really true, which some of our letters tell us, that the omnipotent minister has succeeded in persuading the invalid King that the offer of Lombardy—though strangled between France and Southern Italy—is worth thinking of? This seems rather the representation of a political enemy; and we are inclined almost to accept the version of an unprejudiced observer, who tells us that as far as he can make out, the faction of LUCIEN MURAT is only partially triumphant; that it is besieging the doors of the palace, but has not yet got a firm footing inside; that the press is allowed to speak in order to see which way the wind blows, but that honesty and prudence have yet sufficient sway to render it probable, at least, that before the meeting of the Sardinian Parliament, something will be done to prove that the offers which have been weighed have not been accepted.

However this may be, one thing is certain,—if Piedmont assists in spreading the BONAPARTIST PLAGUE through Europe, it will not itself remain uncontaminated; or, to speak without figures, if VICTOR EMANUEL is an accomplice, directly or indirectly, in placing LUCIEN MURAT on the throne of Naples, he will most certainly be the last King of his race; and the provinces he governs—already with so much difficulty held together—will definitely separate, and, according to their various affections, go to join more powerful states!

Has not Piedmont a nobler object than to be the cat's paw of fraud and violence.

THE BASIS OF AN ARMY.

MUCH has been written in these latter days respecting our military institutions. They have been tried and judged by a high standard, and found wanting. The old British courage has rung as truly on the fields of the Crimea, as ever it rung on the plains of France, or Spain, or Belgium. There has not been even the shade of cowardice; not even at the Redan. Nevertheless, in the higher branches of military business, there has been great deficiency, much lack of self-reliance among the men, much lack of toughness and hardness in the ranks, and, with all due respect to brave men, deplorable deficiencies among the officers. The great war has awakened us all up to a sense of these things; has set men looking for the causes thereof; and some good must come both to the army and the nation from the inquiry and the stir it brings along with it. Perhaps the causes lie deeper than men can see, or like to acknowledge, when they do

see them. Perhaps it is not only in the forms of our military institutions that we should look for the evils we deplore. Perhaps the reason why we do not get good officers is not only because commissions are bought, sold, and seldom freely given to any but men bearing the repute of born gentlemen. Perhaps our supply of good soldiers does not fall short solely because the pay is not high enough, because the bounty is not high enough, because the military career of most privates ends with the sergeant's golden stripes. Perhaps the want of both officers and men may be traceable to other causes, as well as these, causes that lie below forms down in the roots of reality.

War is an evil, but not an evil unmixed with good; for nothing that is inevitable, and clearly written in the tablets of man's destiny, no work, however sanguinary and horrible, that is there set down for him to do can be wholly bad. If so, should not a nation be always prepared for war? We do not mean that a nation should be always in an offensive attitude, armed from head to foot, and ready to take the field. Such a state of things would be far more intolerable than any state in which the British nation has yet found itself. But we mean that a nation should be always prepared, by previous habits, customs, and institutions, either to hold its own against invaders, or to bear its part in any military work necessary for the world's true peace, and the upholding of public law. "The page of history," wrote Sir CHARLES PASLEY, fifty years ago, "exhibits to nations, if they would attend to it, without being led by vanity and pride, the instructive lesson of one state constantly overpowering another, not by superior freedom, virtue, and patriotism, for the free, the corrupted, and the enslaved, have equally flourished and equally fallen by turns; but by having more numerous, braver, better organized and better commanded armies, with a more vigorous system of martial policy, and a better mode of repairing disasters in war." If this be so, how did we stand at the outset of this war? We may say, almost unprepared. We had gone on doing very necessary work, truly; amending the Constitution, clearing away obsolete and noxious laws, spreading our commerce far and wide, setting commerce free, educating, by little and little, our masses. But we had forgotten our army; we had almost forgotten our navy; and what is worse, we squandered immense sums upon these machines, not for true military purposes, but to provide posts for younger sons, and playthings for our so-called aristocracy. Nor was this all. We not only weakened and neglected our military institutions—we divorced them from the nation. The character of the soldier, which assuredly should stand high, was contemned and depreciated on all sides, what wonder then that it was in many cases not an admirable—nay, a despicable thing. True, in these latter years, public opinion has changed, and much has been done to elevate the soldier; but we have not gone to the root of the matter, we have not rightly attempted to elevate the character of the youth before he becomes a soldier. It is there that we shall find the key to the weakness of our military institutions. "The secret," says Sir William NAPIER, "of making perfect soldiers is only to be found in national customs and institutions; men should come to the ranks fitted by previous habits for military service, instead of being stretched, as it were, upon the bed of Procrustes, by a discipline which has no resource but fear." Does not this truth point to the fact that it is in the renovation of our national habits that we must seek the renovation of our army? Does it not point to something more than increased pay and increased bounty? Does it not warn us that if we would have an army at command at any time, we

must have a people accustomed to arms, hardened by athletic exercises, by the free use of their limbs and senses from an early age, at command also? British manhood, as we have said, is not degenerate; it only needs that free education of the body which so many are striving to give to the mind, to make it go as far, and last as long in war, as British manhood ever went in times gone by, and with a far higher character.

The primary remedy, therefore, we propose, is liberty of drilling for all young Englishmen who choose to belong to independent companies, duly and publicly formed for that purpose; compulsory drill for all young Englishmen who do not so choose. Let every youth in the United Kingdom be taught to handle the Minie rifle, and learn the simpler tactics. Let them, also, be taught the duties of their position as Englishmen, and be imbued with the spirit of honour. Let them be inured to hardships, and taught the virtues of patience, fortitude, and obedience. Let them be instructed in the mysteries of helping themselves, and disciplined into self-possession. This training could be instituted in every village, in every town throughout the country; and the good that would follow to society is incalculable. Could there be imagined a more perfect sanitary training for the youth of England than military drill and all that it implies? Would not the adoption of measures like these not only fill the ranks of the army with noble soldiers, but the ranks of society with true and helpful men?

The basis of our army, as we conceive it, is the nation, and the perfection of that army will be, in nearly every case, in proportion to the health, strength, and general soundness of the nation from which it is derived.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD CHEAP.

THE price of bread suggests two questions which are pressed upon us for a practical answer.

1. Why is bread dear?
2. How can it be made cheap?

We will answer the first question first, since the reply will enable us more easily to understand the answer to the second question. If England were separated from all the rest of the world, and if the people knew exactly what they were about, it is probable that at this moment bread ought to be just one-tenth dearer than it is in ordinary years, because the crop of corn is probably one-tenth less in quantity than it usually is. If England were separated from all the rest of the world, no arrangement by Government, or by Provision Leagues, or by any other machinery, could prevent bread from being one-tenth dearer to the purchaser. In other words, by no exertion could the people of this country obtain ten-tenths where there is only nine-tenths to be had. England, however, is not separated from the rest of the world. Free-trade has permitted the incoming and the outgoing of all kinds of grain. Now it happens that in the adjacent country of France there is a deficiency in the crop, the exact amount of which is not known. The wheat crop is sometimes guessed to be one-tenth deficient, but its quality is good. The French people are not so exclusively devoted to the use of wheat as we are; they also use, especially towards the south, rye, buckwheat, maize, potatoes, and even chestnuts. Wheat will be dearer in France, but it is probable that one effect of the dealings will be to make a larger number of people use other kinds of food, especially those which we have named. Hence, possibly, the price of wheat will not be pressed upwards exactly so much higher as the proportion of the deficiency; and, consequently, the demand on behalf of France will not be so great as it would otherwise have been. There is also, though it is at present very doubtful in amount, a deficiency in some parts of the north and in the east of Europe; and these deficiencies will

abstract from our means, just as water drawn from one reservoir lowers the level of all those that are open to it.

There is yet a further reason why food is dearer. At present we do not know what the actual deficiency on the Continent is, and we do not know, because Government has not established the means of collecting statistics, what the actual produce in this country is. We have therefore no accurate measure of the shortness of the supply, either at home or abroad. Those who deal in corn naturally desire to obtain as good a price as they can. Not knowing accurately what the price ought to be, they wait to see if it will not rise more, and their keeping corn out of the market helps the rising of the price. It is this that makes the people indignant.

There is yet one more cause. Those who deal in grain not only wait to see what will be the natural price—wait, as it were, for information—but hold back for the express purpose of forcing the price up. Since the establishment of free-trade, this class of people have to a great extent lost their power. They can only exercise it when artificial laws are established—when powers are concentrated, and they can abuse those powers for their own purposes. The accidental coincidence of a deficient and a delayed harvest, with the uncertainty upon the subject, perhaps enable these people to drive their trade a little more briskly than usual.

How can bread be made cheaper? There were four proposals before the meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday last. One was to appoint a People's Provisional League, admission 2d., in order "to resist the combination." It is probable, however, that before such an organization can be fairly at work, the combination of the dealers will be effectually swamped by the arrival of the supplies. It will at all events be superseded by our knowing proximately the amount which we are to have, and then prices, finding their natural level, will no longer be at the mercy of the dealers. In free trade there is only one circumstance which can enable dealers to take advantage of an opportunity like the present—it is complete ignorance, for a period, of the natural produce. If we had an effectual knowledge of our own produce in this country, as we have abroad, coupled with free trade, coming prices would settle themselves, and dealers could no more control them than they could control the rise of the tide in the sea.

There was a second proposal. It was "to create a fund," by which bread might be purchased and "sold to the poor at a reasonable rate." Corn for the poor can, of course, only be purchased at the current rates; and unless gentlemen picked out of the Park, and conversant with other kinds of business, can do the bakers' work better and more cheaply, it is probable that the Committee of the Provisional League, carrying on this bread business, would either sell their bread at a dearer price, or shortly find themselves bankrupt and stop. Would they return all the two-pences paid on admission?

There was a third proposal; it was "to prevent the export of corn." The French Government has just adopted this plan, and we see one of the most immediate and most certain effects. As the export of corn is prohibited, although the import is not, no dealer can land corn in France unless he has determined to sell in the French market without power of drawing back his corn. He will not, of course, carry it where the price will not remunerate him. If he takes it to an English market, he can carry it away when he pleases, should prices fall in England. If he takes it to a French market, he cannot retract it, and the price must be permanently and certainly dearer in France before he will finally commit himself to that choice. He would prefer to go to England for the chances of trade, although the

prices should be a little below the French level; because in the one case he is free, and in the other not. Hence, no additional supplies will be taken to France, unless the level of French prices keeps above the level of English.

There is, however, a still greater reason why we should not prohibit exports. Freedom of trade can never be one-sided. France, which permits imports, and refuses exports, cannot claim credit for freedom of trade, and will not be a customer in whom the corn producing countries can have confidence, since she may treat them according to her own caprices or temper, rather than her permanent interests. With England it is exactly the reverse, and we gain far more by imports than we lose by exports. No amount that we are likely to send over to France or Germany will equal the amount we are certain to draw from America.

There was a fourth proposal, which was, that the Government of Great Britain should buy corn, make large stores, and "throw it into the market to keep down rising prices." If the English Government resorted to any such practice, they would proclaim to the producers of corn in all parts of the world,—in the Baltic, in the Black Sea, or America,—that if they ventured to send supplies to this country, they might, in the moment of realising their profits, be met by the reserves of the stores; and it must follow as a matter of course, not only that dealers in America, the Baltic, and the Black Sea, would refrain from sending their supplies to this country, but that growers in those parts would discontinue the practice of growing for a market so capricious and so dangerous. Hence prices would be permanently raised. No Government could command such supplies "to throw into the market" as would equal the supplies that come to us from the great corn-growing countries. It is those supplies that really keep down prices as they do, and will do, with much greater force than any Government reserves. Our true security, therefore, is to continue that freedom of trade which constantly checks any attempt to make England a close market. We only want one thing to complete the efficiency of this plan; it is that more accurate knowledge of our own produce and demands which would be supplied by agricultural statistics.

There is one assistance which the State can give and which it ought to give. Under the existing constitution of society, there are great inequalities in the condition of various classes. Our extremely systematised arrangements preclude the poorer and less educated class from finding those substitutes for employment which are to be found on waste lands in wilder countries. Justice, therefore, requires that society, which keeps these people off the land, should secure to them an equivalent for the simple occupation of land, by giving them bread if they cannot get it by hired labour. Society only consults its own advantage in preventing those irresistible incentives to disorder—hunger and despair. It is for this purpose mainly, that our poor law is established. It is at present administered partly on the now exploded "repulsive" system, which presumes for its principle that the people have no right to be aided, and that the aid ought to be accompanied by disgrace and confinement to prevent the people from seeking it. There is no disgrace in seeking food from the hands of the State which ought to give it; there is disgrace in withholding aid that ought to be given, and there is danger in exasperating hungry people by a stinted diet and an insulting form of charity. During a hard winter, aid ought to be given to the very poor, liberally, and without any humiliating accompaniments; and if the English people understand their own rights, they will see that the aid for the very poor is administered in that just and welcome spirit.

By this time the reader understands how

bread can be made as cheap as it can possibly be. It is to be done by preserving that openness for our market, that perfect safety for the dealer, that perfect fairness in dealing, which will make the grower and the merchant, in every part of the world, feel that it is safe and certain to seek England as the central market. It is by this means that bread is actually cheaper with us than it is on the Continent; for, although the labourer may sometimes see the money price lower in continental countries, he will find that in these same countries the money-price of labour is proportionately low, and that the cost of conveyance is much higher than in this country; and he will be able to test the consequences, by finding that the people actually eat a less amount of bread than our own people are able to command.

There is one other reason against any such measure as prohibiting the export of trade. If corn is exported, it is because the people of other countries want it more than we do. Their dearth is greater, their need more severe; and if we were to prohibit the export, we should save ourselves at the cost of much greater suffering to them. If nations understood their true dignity and interests, they would feel the same sympathy for each other as the individuals feel. If I have half a loaf, but see my neighbour with no loaf at all, I am willing to share my dole with him. It is not in human nature to refuse, and the half loaf would be again halved. It should be the same with nations. And we know that these individuals and those nations who seek most to consult the laws that regulate the universe in which we live, find, in the long run, that their own material interest is promoted by their fidelity to the laws that regulate life and production.

SIMPSON AT HOME.

WAR ought no longer to be reckoned among the deadly occupations—at least not peculiarly so. We let alone white-lead-works, aquafortis, and vitrol manufacture, or any other campaign in which the British workman continually exists. We speak only of the ordinary business of life—of the conditions that attend upon us when we open our shutters every morning as stationers, put together our goods as linen drapers' assistants, answer customers as shoe-makers' shopmen, or pass along our streets on our way to the lawyer's desk. Southwood Smith used to tell us that the deaths in the old war did not equal the deaths inflicted upon this country by in-sanitary arrangements; and we are now told by Dr. Farr the same thing of the new war.

"If all the deaths of British soldiers in the Crimea during the last three months were added to the deaths in England, the sum would be less by some 20,000 than the deaths registered in England during the three summer months of 1854. More lives may be saved by sanitary arrangements at home every year than have ever perished abroad in the years of our greatest losses in war; and the enlightened people of this kingdom will suffer no such embarrassment as the registrar of Workington has recorded if this result be realised, as they know that all effectual measures for the improvement of the human race receive the blessing, because they are the inspirations of divine Providence."

This establishes the fact that the same galvanism is required to walk about London streets as to face the Russians. It is true that on the storming of the Redan we see a more concentrated amount of carnage; but life in the trenches was comparatively healthy. Our Redan is chronic, only we do not see the corpses. Instead of being exposed to view, hanging over the wall, or lying in the trench; they are up courts, and down alleys, veiled by the obscurities of the poor.

Besides, as ERNEST JONES says, in his "Factory Town," the deaths that the Registrar-General records do not at all express the total amount of death inflicted upon the

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population. Death only walks the streets. Our sanitary arrangements, our tyranny of industry, our vice engendered by ignorance, and fostered by being muffled up in order to avoid scandal, destroy the half of the very beings that live and move, too literally and substantially the half. The stunted, beardless boy of thirty, that creeps about a factory town, is half of a man surviving the half that has died. Thus, upon the living community has been inflicted an aggregate of death exceeding that annually presented by the REGISTRAR-GENERAL. These semi-corpses we cannot conceal; but we say that they are engendered by "the system," along our shoulders, and let it pass.

Really it is quite a relief to reflect how much our soldiers have escaped in getting to the Crimea. "Little do we think upon the danger of the folks ashore," says the sailor, reflecting on the tiles that fly about in a high wind, and the traps that are laid for poor Jack. Great is the release of the working men carried off to double pay, full rations, ample exercise, change of scene, honour, praise, and plenty of incident, in the Crimea. They call it the theatre of war; and in comparison with more deadly occupations, more deadly life amongst the druids that poison us, and the occupations that silt us, war really has become a theatrical amusement. One almost pities General SIMPSON, dragged back from his responsibilities in the Crimea, to so dangerous a scene at home. Can nothing be done for him? Really he ought to be made to participate in some powerful exercise, some amusing vocations, to counteract the depressing effects of the climate we artificially make to kill him as well as ourselves. Can nothing be found congenial with his past career? He has already superintended grand pyrotechnic displays in the Crimea; why not give him something of the same kind to do here? In display and scenic effect, the next best thing to the Crimea, is Cremorne. We have a SIMPSON there, and a SIMPSON in the East; but surely one SIMPSON would welcome another; and nothing would take like a new "Campaign of the Cremorne," with a "real General SIMPSON" to preside over it, in his favorite costume. It would be better than GORENALL in the real clothes of NAPOLEON—it will be NAPOLEON in NAPOLEON'S own ingredients—SIMPSON in the hood of SIMPSON. Imagine the effect in the bills of a line announcing—

"General SIMPSON as he appeared in the trenches on the 8th of September!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

(From a Correspondent.)

"Il est hardi, il est réfléchi, il est fourbe."

The following extracts are selected from memoranda of a conversation which took place in Paris in May, 1855.

Monsieur C—n at first could talk about nothing but the Eastern Question, and of his fears that Louis Napoleon might seduce England into an offensive alliance. All his passions and all his interests, said C—n, impel him to war—especially to a war with you by his side. To be engaged with you in a common cause, would introduce him into the great family of sovereigns; it would extricate him from the isolation in which he is now left—excluded by general hatred and contempt, not only from the serious discussions of diplomacy, but from the courtesies by which they are softened. Then he has personal insults to avenge. When the news that our fleet was ordered to the bay of Salamis reached Nicholas, he poured out on Louis Napoleon all the expressions of contumely which French, not very barren of them, and afterwards, which Russian could supply, and ended by exclaiming "et ce c'est moi qui je l'appelle mon frere!" War would give him a policy. Even the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain must support him when he carries the flag of their country. But "what have you English to get by war? What have

you to lose?" Have you ever considered the course which that war will take? you think probably that it will be a mere maritime contest; that you will blockade the Sound and the Bosphorus, and starve Russia out. I am convinced that it will be a land war. Austria must join Russia. She cannot keep Hungary and Galicia in spite of the native population, and of the Russian armies. The campaign of 1796 may be renewed, but this time Piedmont will be our ally instead of our enemy. We shall give upper Italy to Piedmont, and reward ourselves with Savoy. This, perhaps you would not much complain of, but we shall not stop there. The struggle will be revolutionary in Italy; this will make it so in the north. We shall not be able to compress the revolutionary elements which are boiling up in Germany. Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse—all socialist at bottom—will rise on their depots and their bureaucracies. We shall have another thirty years' war, a war not of interest, but of principle. What you will get by it will be, to take PALMERSTON for your minister instead of ABERDEEN, to double your debt, and to see France seize Belgium after Savoy. What we shall get by it will be the extension of our frontier, and the consolidation of the most hateful of tyrannies—a democratic despotism; the union of the army and the rabble, to crush knowledge and refinement.

"It cannot be denied that our master has the three qualities which most conduce to political success, 'il est hardi, il est réfléchi, il est fourbe.'"

"If you ally yourselves to him, you take an associate whom you know to be utterly false, utterly unscrupulous, and bent on objects which you are resolved that he shall not obtain. And what is your motive for submitting to such an embrace? Not the fear that Nicholas may march on Constantinople. He does not think of going there. You are afraid that if Turkey enter into an engagement with him respecting the Christians of his Empire, his moral influence over her will be augmented. But she has entered into such engagements with him already, and they do not seem to have increased his influence. Moral influence does not depend on treaties, but on hope or fear—the hope of benefit or the fear of evil. What he is doing now must diminish his influence, so far as it rests on hope, for he has shown that he is the bitter, fanatical enemy of Turkey. So far as it rests on fear, it rests on his physical force, and that will not be increased by the treaty.

"I foresee that France will throw Louis Napoleon off, continued C—n, if we remain at peace. His only chance of keeping us in subjection is to intoxicate and brutalise us by a successful war, and a war in which England is his ally will be successful. This is the terror that haunts me day and night. I know that what is passing in my mind must be passing through his. I know that what I have been saying to you he must have been saying to himself. I am as sure of it as if he had told me so; indeed more so, for if he had told me so I might have doubted.

"In order to seduce you into war, he will employ every artifice which his power of simulation and of dissimulation (and they are very great) place at his disposal. He will renounce all ambitious views, all separate action; he will communicate to you every dispatch that goes to Lacour, and every order that he sends to Lassus; he will modify them at your pleasure; he will put his fleet under your admiral and his diplomacy under your Foreign Office. He will be your slave until you are committed, to be your master for ever after.

C. W.

THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION.—Sir Charles Napier, on Monday evening, addressed a meeting of electors at Rotherhithe, and, after giving a sketch of his life in a spirit of bluff egotism, denied the charge of wishing to get into Parliament in order to arrange a "private" quarrel with Sir James Graham. He had no private quarrel with Sir James, but he had a public quarrel. However, he had "smashed" him already. The Admiral, who was enthusiastically received, declared himself an independent supporter of Lord Palmerston. He would support Parliamentary Reform to the extent of giving every rate-payer a vote. Reform of Parliament should precede Administrative Reform, and personal reform should go before both, consequently, he thought the Administrative Reformers have "got the wrong sow by the ear." Sir Charles Napier has also addressed one or two other meetings of electors; and Mr. Scovell has made public statements of his principles, which are very similar to those of his opponent.

THOMPSON'S CONICAL VENTS FOR CANNON.

An invention so named has been submitted to, and rejected by the Ordnance Select Committee, at Woolwich, on the ground that it is too good. This is literally a fact, the communication received by Mr. F. B. Thompson, the inventor, concluding in the remarkable manner:—"It is conceived that a vent upon your plan would afford a greater advantage to the enemy than ourselves, as it would prevent guns being spiked when occasion required it." Now, the express object of this invention is to prevent the spiking of guns. It was taken into consideration by the Ordnance Select Committee on that account, and proving successful in its design, is "respectfully declined." Rather strange logic this! Why not urge the same plea against the Minié rifle? According to the dogma of the Ordnance authorities, perfection is to be considered the bane of military implements. Why use sharp swords? May not the enemy take them away from us, and try their edge upon our backs, whilst we gallop off in full retreat?

Mr. Thompson's invention, as we said before, is to prevent the enemy from spiking our guns. This is effected simply by the substitution of a conical vent (thus A.) for a cylindrical one (B.). It is apparent that whatever is inserted in a vent of the former configuration can only become fastened at the top, whereas, at present, the common spike requires drilling out all the way down—a labour that requires a considerable outlay of time and patience.

The spring spikes recently adopted are really of no use at all—they may be pulled out as easily as letters are driven in. Mr. Thompson has written several letters to the *Morning Advertiser*, in which he clearly demonstrates what is not denied by the Ordnance authorities,—the practicability of his invention; and in which he shows what is not concealed by their communication, that much reform is yet needed in that department, that notoriously so egregiously mismanages the supply of munitions to our brave army—that is now sending cut splendid hearses to the Crimea, while they persist in withholding a supply of efficient pickaxes to dig graves with. It is quite time that we had some alteration in this system. We could possibly forgive the red-tapists for having made us the laughing-stock of the world; but it is not to be endured that they should make us targets for our enemies.

A GOOD SERMON TO A SMALL AUDIENCE.—A story is told of Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, that is worth recording, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in mid winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the road, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but 20 years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day, in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once, in a storm." "I do not recall it," added the old man; "pray, pray, when was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

JUVENILE RIOTERS.—Two youths—one of whom was known to the police as a thief—were brought up at Marlborough Street, on Monday, charged with assaulting a policeman, and with conducting themselves riotously in the Park, on the previous day. The unlucky constable was by himself in the midst of a disorderly mob, and was set upon, "bonneted," and pelted with turf, and would probably have been seriously hurt, had not some other policeman at length come to his assistance. A gentleman was also roughly used. The three young rioters were sent to prison for a month.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Nothing is easier to write than a story the machinery of which is supernatural; nothing, perhaps, more difficult than to achieve complete success with such machinery. When all men believed in ghosts it was easy to make them sup full of horrors; now that few men believe in ghosts the task becomes difficult. The supernatural requires a strange union of imagination with reason. Probabilities have to be kept up amid all improbabilities. Edgar Poe is a master in this. Wilkie Collins promises to rival him, in the story which opens this month's *Frazer*, called "The Monks of Wincot Abbey"—a story of our own life, of our own day—in which, however, the supernatural plays as conspicuous and as interesting a part as in "Les Frères Corses" of Dumas. Let our readers not pass over that story, which we hope will continue for several numbers.

Another difficult task is that of writing popular science. Many men write what they mean to be popular; but for the most part they are themselves superficially acquainted with their subjects, and when they have knowledge they want the power of reproducing it in intelligible forms. The writer of a paper in *Frazer*, on "The Science of Æsthetics of Colour," may be read by any one with pleasure, and will be recognized as the production of one who has thorough grasp and mastery of the science. After a well-merited tribute to Owen Jones, the great decorative artist of his age, the writer sketches Goethe's "Theory of Colours," and reproduces the substance of a paper by Clausius (which, by the way, the mathematical reader may find translated in the "Scientific Memoirs," 1853), divesting it of formulae.

Passing from Science to the Drama, the reader who has the month's magazines lying strewn upon the table before him may open the *Dublin University*, and in the paper on the "Dramatic Writers of Ireland" he will learn some curious facts. What a surprise, for instance, to learn that Shiel received seven hundred pounds for the "Apostate," a play which was only performed twelve times, although supported by Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss O'Neill. In our day it would be regarded as a failure if a play were performed only twelve times; and as to the author's receiving seven hundred pounds as his share of the profits, it would indeed be a lucky wight who received that sum after one hundred performances. But in those days there were "authors' nights"—the third, ninth, and, we believe, the twentieth, yielded their receipts to him.

It may not have been forgotten by our readers that a great sensation was this Spring made in the world of science by an attempt to disprove the great discovery made by Claude Bernard respecting the sugar-forming function of the liver. In noticing Bernard's "Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale," a few weeks since, we intimated our conviction that his discovery would be found too firmly based to be overturned by his antagonists. The discussion reduced itself to two fundamental facts not difficult of verification, namely: Is there sugar in the vessels going to the liver after a purely animal diet? and is there sugar in the vessels going from the liver after such diet? If no sugar be carried to the liver, and nevertheless sugar be found carried from it, the conclusion is irresistible: the sugar must be found in the liver.

M. Louis Figuier denied the fact. He said he always found sugar in the vessels going to the liver (the *vena portæ*), but that its presence was masked by the presence of albuminous substances. The Académie des Sciences appointed a Commission to inquire into and decide upon the question of fact. Their report, which is signed by no less a name than that of Dumas, for himself, Pelhugue and Rayer, gives the decision unequivocally against M. Figuier, and in favour of M. Bernard. This result will be gladly learned by all lovers of science, for, if M. Bernard has been wrong, a serious doubt would have been thrown on any and every result of experimental physiology. It is this which has made us three times allude to the dispute. The report of the Commission will be found in the last number, of the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles."

LIFE OF GOETHE.

Life and Works of Goethe: with sketches of his age and contemporaries. (From published and unpublished sources.) 2 vols. By G. H. Lewes.

London: David Nutt.

For reasons which will be easily divined, we have received an injunction to deliver no judgment on this work, but simply to make the reader acquainted with its general character and purpose. Perhaps, if reviewers more frequently wrote under such an injunction, the public would not be a loser: readers would have smaller exercise for their faith (in critics), but they would have a compensating increase of knowledge.

Some acquaintance with Goethe is felt to be indispensable in these days.

Those who are unable to study him directly, find him mentioned by great authorities as the intellectual father, or grandfather of this age, which is said to be living chiefly on the ideas it has inherited from him. Accordingly, they are eager for some specific information as to what he has really done: they get translations of Götz and Faust, and Egmont, and Tasso, and lend a too reliant ear to "Lines from the German of Goethe." The result is, that they are in some wonderment how Goethe can be called the greatest of modern poets. They read translations of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and while they find some wisdom and beauty which they understand and appreciate, they perhaps find much more which seems to them not at all wisdom or beauty, and they have generally a sense that a clue is wanted. For readers thus baffled, few books can be more interesting than one which will give them such a history of Goethe the Man as will throw light on Goethe the Writer—such a descriptive and analytical account of his works as will enable them to conceive the artistic merits which have won him the supreme place among modern poets, such a *natural history* of his various productions as will show how they were the outgrowth of his mind at different stages of its culture.

Again, the real student of Goethe who has sought a commentary on his works in that huge mass of correspondence and criticism, and biographical material called *Goethe Literatur*—who has groaned over Düntzer, and nodded over Viehoff—who has felt the difficulty of reconciling conflicting statements and opinions about Goethe's character, and of discerning through the cloud of criticism and comment the true relation of the works to the man, will welcome the aid of any honest labourer in the same field, of any one who has diligently gone over this confused heap of documents, and not simply filed them chronologically, as the respectable Viehoff has done, but given a sort of balance-sheet, briefly exhibiting their relative importance. Such a student may be unable to concur in the point of view adopted, he may differ as to many conclusions, but the very extent of his knowledge will cause him to value a candid and intelligent opinion on a subject in which he has experienced the difficulty of forming such an opinion, and he will at least be interested to see presented in a panorama the way over which he has himself wearily travelled.

Readers of Goethe's autobiography have, we imagine, generally been disappointed when they have found it abruptly break off while he is in the bloom of youth, and just before his entrance on his Weimar career. Many of them, too, have probably felt that it was for the most part something like an Italian landscape painted with a northern sky, and that it gave them little idea of what the writer was when the young blood was running through his veins, and the young enthusiasms impelled his lips and his pen. They have been tantalized by the abundance of wise dissertation on other men, and the paucity of details about himself, and, on the whole, they have felt that the autobiography has rather stimulated their curiosity than satisfied it. The means of satisfying that curiosity have been increasing with the lapse of years, through the publication of interesting portions of correspondence and contributions of narrative by the personal friends of Goeth, so that it is now possible for the biographer to fill in a multitude of details unnoticed in the autobiography, and to correct its too rigid colouring by the warm tints of his own early letters, and the light thrown by the testimony of early friends. In this way we may get a picture of Goethe's youthful life, of which the autobiography forms, indeed, a principle source, but only one among many sources. Such a picture it is Mr. Lewes's object to give through the greater part of his first volume, in which his course is side by side with the autobiography. His work, he tells us in his preface, has been long on the anvil: it was commenced ten years ago, and during the interval we presume he has been on the watch for all information that might enrich his stock of materials or modify his conclusions. Having rewritten the first volume during a residence in Germany last winter, he has wrought into his narrative everything that he considers valuable in subsidiary documents, and fitted in fragmentary hints so as to render them significant. By this means he gives vividness and reality to Goethe's student-life at Leipzig and Strasburg, which seem so vague and distant in Goethe's own grave and allusive mode of telling the story. But the part of the youthful life which gains most in fullness and distinctness is the Wetzelar, or, rather, the *Werther* period—thanks to the timely publication last year of the volume called *Goethe and Werther*, containing letters of Goethe, and illustrative documents, which bring into clear daylight his relation to Charlotte Buff, the heroine of *Werther*, and to her husband, Kestner, and show us, as by a daguerrotype, what the young Goethe of those days actually was—how ardent, ingenious, loving, and lovable. This was the period of the famous *Sturm und Drang* tendency, by which Goethe was just so far intoxicated as to be inspired with the greatest work that tendency produced—*Götz von Berlichingen*. Germany had not yet recovered from its astonishment at the bold innovation of this drama, when a new and yet stronger sensation was excited by the appearance of *Werther*. Mr. Lewes thus sketches the characteristics of the period, of which *Götz* and *Werther* are the intensest expression:—

Götz is the greatest product of the *Sturm und Drang* movement. As we before hinted, this period is not simply one of Titanic hopes and mediæval retrospections. It is also one of unhealthy sentimentalism. Goethe, the great representative poet of his day—the secretary of his age—gives us masterpieces which characterize both these tendencies. Beside the insurgent *Götz* stands the dreamy *Werther*. And yet, accurately as these two works represent two active tendencies of that time, they are both far removed above the perishing extravagancies of that time; they are both ideal expressions of the age, and as free from the disease which corrupted it as Goethe himself was free from the weakness of his contemporaries. Wilkes used to say that he had never been a Wilkite. Goethe was never a *Werther*. To appreciate the distance which separated him and his work from his sentimental contemporaries and their works, we must study the characters of such men as Jacobi, Klinger, Wagner, and Lenz, or we must read such works as *Woldemar*. It will then be plain why Goethe turned with aversion from such works, his own included, when a few years had cleared his insight, and settled his aims. Then also will be seen the difference between Goethe which idealizes the spirit of the age, and Talent which panders to it.

It was, indeed, a strange epoch; the unrest was the unrest of disease, and its extravagances were morbid symptoms. In the letters, memoirs, and novels, which

will remain to testify to the follies of the age, may be read a self-questioning and sentimental retrospection, enough to create in healthy minds a distaste both for sentiment and self-questioning. A factitious air is carried even by the most respectable sentiments; and many not respectable array themselves in rose-pink. Nature is seldom spoken of but in hysterical enthusiasm. Tears and caresses are prodigally scattered, and upon the slightest provocations. In Coburg an *Order of Mercy and Repentance* is instituted by sensitive needles. Leuchsenring, whom Goethe satirized in *Poly Drey*, as a professional sentimentalist, gets up a secret society, and calls it the *Order of Sentiment*, to which tender souls think it a privilege to belong. Friendship is fantastically deified; brotherly love draws trembling souls together, not on the solid grounds of affection and mutual service, but on entirely imaginary grounds of "spiritual communion;" whence arose, as Jean Paul wittily says "an universal love for all men and beasts—except reviewers." It was a sceptical epoch, in which everything established came into question. Marriage, of course, came badly off among a set of men who made the first commandment of genius to consist in loving your neighbour and your neighbour's wife.

These were symptoms of disease; the social organization was out of order; a crisis, evidently imminent, was heralded by extravagances in literature, as elsewhere. The cause of the disease was want of faith. In religion, in philosophy, in politics, in morals, this eighteenth century was ostentatious of its disquiet and disbelief. The old faith, which for so long had made European life an organic unity, and which in its tottering weakness had received a mortal blow from Luther, was no longer universal, living, active, dominant; its place of universal directing power was vacant; a new faith had not arisen. The French Revolution was another crisis of that organic disintegration which had previously shown itself in another order of ideas,—in the Reformation. Beside this awful crisis, other minor crises are noticeable. Everywhere the same Protestant spirit breaks through traditions in morals, in literature, and in education. Whatever is established, whatever rests on tradition, is questioned. The classics are no longer believed in; men begin to maintain the doctrine of Progress, and the superiority of the moderns. Art is pronounced to be in its nature progressive. Education is no longer permitted to pursue its broad traditional path; the methods which were excellent for the past no longer suffice for the present; everywhere new methods rise up to ameliorate the old. The divine right of institutions came to gain credence. The individual claimed and proclaimed his freedom; freedom of thought and freedom of act. Freedom is the watchword of the eighteenth century.

On the publication of *Werther* and the commencement of Goethe's world-wide fame, Mr. Lewes pauses in his narrative to give a survey of German Literature up to this period, so that the reader who is not conversant with the subject may have a fair idea of Goethe's position in the intellectual history of his nation. Then he takes up the thread of his narrative, and shows us the young Literary Lion at Frankfurt, the wild flirtation which gave rise to Clairg, the warm beginning of the friendship with Lavater, and the more transient intimacy with the strange Basewood. The reader will be amused with the following portraits of these very heterogeneous friends:—

Lavater forms a curious figure in the history of those days: a compound of the intolerant priest, and the factitious sentimentalist. He had fine talents, and a streak of genius, but he was ruined by vanity and hypocrisy. Born in Zurich 1741, he was eight years Goethe's senior. In his autobiographic sketch he has represented himself indicating as a child the part he was to play as a man. Like many other children, he formed for himself a peculiar and intimate relation with God, which made him look upon his playfellows with scorn and pity, because they did not share his "need and use of God." He prayed for wonders, and the wonders came. God corrected his school exercises. God concealed his many thoughts, and brought to light his virtuous deeds. In fact, Lavater was a born hypocrite; and Goethe rightly named him "from the beginning the friend of Lies, who stooped to the basest flatteries to gain influence." To this flattering, cringing softness, he united the spirit of priestly domination. His few words made a great sensation. In 1769 he translated Bonnet's *Palingénésie*, adding notes in a strain of religious sentimentalism then very acceptable. At a time when the critics were rehabilitating Homer and the early singers, it was natural that the religious world should attempt a restoration of the early Apostolic spirit. At a time when belief in poetic inspiration was a first article of the creed, belief in prophetic inspiration found eager followers. I have already touched on the sentimental extravagance of the time; and for those whom a reasonable repugnance will keep from Lavater's letters and writings, one sentence may be quoted sufficiently significant. To the lovely Countess Brancioni he wrote: "O toi chère pour la vie, l'âme de mon âme! Ton mouchoir, tes cheveux, sont pour moi ces yeux mes jurements sont pour toi!" &c., which from a priest to a married woman is somewhat unbecoming, but which is surpassed by what he allowed to be addressed by an admirer to himself, e.g.: "Oh that I could lie on thy breast in Sabbath-holy evening slumber—oh thou angel!" One sees that this rhodomontade went all round. They wept, and were wept on.

In contrast with these friendships, with grave philosophical speculations and lofty poetic projects such as the *Wandering Jew* and *Prometheus*, stands the romantic story of Goethe's attachment to *Lili*, which closes this *Sturm und Drang* period, and immediately precedes his departure for Weimar. Here the guidance of his Autobiography ceases, and for the remaining half century of Goethe's life, he himself only gives us occasional information in the *Italianische Reise*, the *Campagne in Frankreich*, and the *Tag und Jahres-Hefte*. With the commencement of the Fourth Book, entitled the *Genialisch Period at Weimar*, we enter into entirely new scenes and new society, and Mr. Lewes has done his best to make us at home in them by restoring for us the Weimar of the eighteenth century, and sketching the principal figures at its Court during the earlier years of Goethe's residence there. We have portraits (in words) of all the notabilities—not only those of widely-known fame, such as Wieland, Herder, the Dowager Duchess Auralia, Karl August and his Duchess Luise—but less conspicuous names among the *dramatis personæ*, such as the little hump-backed maid-of-honour, Mdlle. Göchhausen, and the beautiful actress Corona Schröter. The most interesting points which this fourth book brings into relief in relation to Goethe's character are the noble friendship between him and Karl August, his attachment to the Tran von Stein, and his secret beneficence to the person known by the name of Kraft—a beneficence so far beyond anything which the motives even of benevolent people usually prompt, that it would probably seem incredible to many, if the evidence admitted of a doubt. They were gay and busy years, these early times at Weimar; gay with private theatricals, boar-hunting, skating parties by torchlight, and other diversions of that free and joyous kind. Private stages were then the rage in Germany; but, says M. Lewes:—

The Weimar theatre surpassed them all. It had its poets, Goethe, Finckel, etc.;

its composers, its scene-painters, its costumiers. Whoever showed any talent for recitation, singing, or dancing, was pressed into service, and had to work as hard as if his bread depended on it. The almost daily rehearsals of drama, opera, or ballet, occupied the delighted men and women, glad to have something to do. The troupe was distinguished by the Duchess Amalia, Karl August, Prince Constantine, Bode, Knebel, Einsiedel, Muscus, Seckendorf, Bertuch, and Goethe; with Corona Schröter, Kotzebue's sister Amalia, and Fräulein Göchhausen. These formed a curious strolling company, wandering from Weimar to all the palaces in the neighbourhood—Ettersburg, Tiefurt, Belvedere, even to Jena, Dornburg, and Ilmenau. Often did Bertuch, as Falk tells us, receive orders to have the sumpter waggon, or travelling kitchen, ready for the early dawn, when the Count would start with its wandering troupe. If only a short expedition was intended, three sumpter asses were sufficient. If it was more distant, over hill and dale, far into the distant country, then indeed the night before was a busy one, and all the ducal pots and pans were in requisition. Such boiling and stewing, and roasting! such slaughter of capons, pigeons, and fowls! The ponds of the Ilm were dragged for fish; the woods were robbed of their partridges; the cellars were lightened of their wines. With early dawn rode forth the merry party, full anticipation, wild with animal spirits. On they went through solitudes, the grand old trees, of which were wont only to see the soaring hawk poised above their tops, or the wild-eyed deer bounding past the hut of the charcoal burner. On they went: youth, beauty, gladness, and hope, a goodly train, like that which animated the forest of Ardenne, when "under the shade of melancholy boughs" the pensive Duke and his followers forgot awhile their cares and "painted pomp."

Their stage was soon arranged. At Ettersburg the traces are still visible of this forest stage, where, when weather permitted, the performances took place. A wing of the chateau was also made into a theatre. But the open air performances were most relished. To rehearsals and performances in Ettersburg the actors, sometimes as many as twenty, were brought in the Duke's equipages; and in the evening, after a joyous supper, often enlivened with songs, they were conducted home by the Duke's body-guard of Hussars bearing torches. It was here they performed Einsiedel's opera, *The Gypsies*, with wonderful illusion. Several scenes of *Gotz von Berlichingen* were woven into it. The illuminated trees, the crowd of gypsies in the wood, the dances and songs under the blue starlit heavens, while the sylvan bugle sounded from afar, made up a picture, the magic of which was never forgotten. On the Ilm also, at Tiefurt, just where the river makes a beautiful bend round the shore, a regular theatre was constructed. Trees, and other natural objects, such as fishermen, nixies, water-spirits, moon, and stars,—all were introduced with effect.

The Weimar gaiety was rather wild and boisterous at first, but on Goethe's part it was soon toned down into compatibility with official and literary diligence. A *propos* of this gradual transition, M. Lewes has some observations, which we quote because they tend to dissipate a very common misconception:—

It is worth bearing in mind what the young Goethe was, that we may the better understand the reason of what he became. No sooner had he commenced his career as politician, than he began to tone down the extravagance of his demeanour; without foregoing any enjoyments, he tried to accord more with those in whom a staid demeanour was necessitated by their more flagging pulses of lethargic life. One month after his appointment, Wieland writes of him: "Goethe did in truth, during the first months of his visit here, scandalize most people (never me); but from the moment that he decided on becoming a man of business, he has conducted himself with blameless *sapientia* and all worldly prudence." Elsewhere he says: "Goethe, with all his real and apparent *sauvagerie* has, in his little finger, more *conduite* and *savoir faire* than all the court parasites, Boniface sneaks, and political cobweb-spinners have in their whole bodies and souls. So long as Karl August lives no power can remove him."

As we familiarize ourselves with the details of this episode, there appears less and less plausibility in the often iterated declamation against Goethe on the charge of his having "sacrificed his genius to the court." It becomes indeed a singular foolish display of rhetoric. Let us for a moment consider the charge. He had to choose a career. That of poet was then, even more than now, impossible; verse could create fame, but no money: *fama* and *fames* were then, as ever, in terrible contiguity. As soon as the necessity for the career is admitted, much objection falls to the ground; for those who reproach him with having wasted his time on court festivities, and the duties of government which others would have done as well, must ask whether he would have *succed* that time had he followed the career of jurisprudence and jostled the lawyers through the courts at Frankfurt? or would they prefer seeing him reduced to the condition of poor Schiller, wasting so much of his precious life in literary "backwork," translating French books for a miserable pittance? *Time*, in any case, would have been claimed; in return for that given to Karl August, he received, as he confesses in the poem addressed to the duke, "what the great seldom bestow—affection, leisure, confidence, garden and house. No one have I had to thank but him; and much have I wanted, who, as a poet, ill understood the arts of gain. If Europe praised me, what has Europe done for me? Nothing. Even my works have been an expense to me."

In 1801, writing to his mother on the complaints uttered against him by those who judged so falsely of his condition, he says they only saw what he gave up, not what he gained—they could not comprehend how he grew daily richer, though he daily gave up so much. He confesses that the narrow circle of a burgher life would have ill-accorded with his ardent and wide-sweeping spirit. Had he remained at Frankfurt he would have been ignorant of the world. But here the panorama of life was unrolled before him, and his experience was everyway enlarged. Did not Leonardo da Vinci spend much of his time charming the court of Milan with his poetry and lute-playing? did he not also spend time in mechanical and hydrostatical labours for the state? No reproach is lifted against his august name; no one cries out against his being false to his genius; no one rebukes him for having painted so little at one period. [The "Last Supper" speaks for him. Will not *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Hermann*, and *Dorothea*, *Faust*, *Meister*, and the long list of Goethe's works, speak for him?

I have dwelt mainly on the dissipation of his *time*, because the notion that a court life affected his genius by "corrupting his mind" is preposterous. No reader of this biography, it is to be hoped, will fail to see the true relations in which he stood to the duke; how free they were from anything like servility, or suppression of genuine impulse. Indeed one of the complaints against him, according to the unexceptionable authority of Riemer, that made by the subalterns, "of his not being sufficiently attentive to court etiquette." To say, as Niebuhr says, that the "court was a Dallah to which he sacrificed his locks," is profoundly to misunderstand his genius, profoundly to misread his life. Had his genius been of that stony class which produces great Reformers and great Martyrs,—had it been his mission to agitate mankind by words which, reverberating to their inmost recesses, called them to lay down their lives in the service of an idea,—had it been his tendency to meditate upon the far-off destinies of man, and sway men by the coercion of grand representative abstractions—then, indeed, we might say his place was aloof from the motley throng, and not in sailing down the swiftly-flowing stream to sounds of mirth and music on the banks. But he was not a Reformer, not a Martyr. He was a poet, whose

religion was beauty, whose worship was of nature, whose aim was culture. His mission was to paint life, and for that it was requisite he should see life, to know

"The haunt and the main region of his song."

Happier circumstances might indeed have surrounded him, and given him a greater sphere. It would have been very different, as he often felt, if there had been a nation to appeal to, instead of a heterogeneous mass of small peoples, willing enough to talk of Fatherland, but in no wise prepared to become a nation. There are many other *ifs* in which much virtue could be found; but inasmuch as he could not create circumstances, we must follow his example, and be content with what the gods provided. I do not, I confess, see what other sphere was open to him in which his genius could have been more sacred; but I do see that he built out of circumstances a noble temple in which the altar-flame burnt with a steady light. To hypothetical biographers he left the task of settling what Goethe might have been; enough for us to catch some glimpses of what he was.

Hitherto Goethe's works, though they had already given him a European fame, are in his biography subordinate to the history of his external life and the development of his intellect and character; but from this point the most important and interesting part of his life lies in his activity as an author. Before he went to Weimar, he had published or written, besides *Gotz and Werther*, several dramatic pieces—the *Lamie des Verliebten*, *Die Mitschuldigen*, *Clavigo* and *Stella*; and many plans and fragments, never completed, lay in his portfolio. Each of these Mr. Lewes describes and discusses as they occur in the narrative, so that the history of Goethe's productive faculty forms one web with the history of his life. The first of his mature and greatest productions was the *Iphigenia*, and with the consideration of this work Mr. Lewes opens his second volume. We quote the introductory observations in which he contests the opinion that the *Iphigenia* is a great play:—

It was very characteristic in Schlegel to call *Iphigenia* "an echo of Greek song;" he delighted in such rhetorical prettinesses; but that Germany, a land of scholars, should have so unanimously repeated the phrase, and should have so often without misgiving declared *Iphigenia* to be the finest modern specimen of Greek tragedy, is truly surprising, until we reflect on the mass of flagrant traditional errors aloft about the Greek drama. For a long while the Three Unities were held to be inseparable from that drama; in spite of the fact that in several plays Unity of Time is obviously disregarded, and in two or three the Unity of Place is equally so. Then there was the notion that Comedy and Tragedy were not suffered to mingle in the same play; in spite of the palpable fact of *Æschylus* and *Euripides* having mingled them. Then came the absurdity of *Destiny* as the tragic-pivot, in spite of the fact, as I have elsewhere shown, that in the majority of these plays *Destiny* has no place, beyond what the religious conceptions of the poets must of necessity have given to it, just as Christianity must of necessity underlie the tragic conceptions of Christian poets.

The very phrase with which critics characterise *Iphigenia* is sufficient to condemn them. They tell us it has "all the repose of Greek tragedy." Consider for a moment—*Repose* in a tragedy! that is to say, calmness in the terrific upheavings of volcanic passions. Tragedy, we are told by Aristotle, acts through Terror and Pity, awakening in our bosoms sympathy with suffering; and to suppose *this* to be accomplished by the "meditative repose which breathes from every verse," is tantamount to supposing a battle-song will most vigorously stir the blood of combatants if it borrow the accents of a lullaby.

Insensibly our notions of Greek Art are formed from Sculpture; and hence, perhaps, this notion of repose. But acquaintance with the Drama ought to have prevented such an error, and taught men not to confound calmness of evolution with calmness of life. The unagitated simplicity of Greek scenic representation lay in the nature of the scenic necessities; but we do not call the volcano cold, because the snow rests on its top. Had the Greek Drama been represented on stages like those of Modern Europe, and performed by actors without citharus and mask, its deep agitations of passion would have welled up to the surface, communicating responsive agitations to the form. But there were reasons why this could not be. In the Grecian Drama, everything was on a scale of vastness commensurate with the needs of an audience of many thousands, and consequently everything was disposed in masses rather than in details; it thus necessarily assumed something of the sculptured form, threw itself into magnificent groupings, and, with a view to its effect, adapted a peculiar curvilinear construction. It thus assumed slowness of movement, because it could not be rapid with effect. If the critic doubts this, let him mount on stilts, and, bawling through a speaking-trumpet, try what he can make of Shakespeare; he will then have an approximative idea of the restraints laid upon the Grecian actor, who, clothed so as to aggrandise his person, and speaking through a resonant mask, which had a fixed expression, could not act, in our modern sense of the word, but only declaim; he had no means of representing the fluctuations of passion, and the poet therefore was forced to make him represent passion in broad, fixed masses. Hence the movements of the Greek Drama was necessarily large, slow, and simple.

But if we pierce beneath scenic necessities and attend solely to the dramatic life which pulses through the Grecian tragedies, what sort of calmness meets us there? Calmness is a relative word. Polyphemus hurling rocks as school-boys throw cherry-stones, would doubtless smile at our riots, as we smile at buzzing flies; and Moloch howling through the unfathomable wilderness in passionate repentance of his fall, would envy us the wildest of our despair, and call it calmness. But measured by human standards I know not whose sorrow "can bear such emphases" as to pronounce those pulses calm which throb in the *Edipus*, the *Agamemnon*, or the *Ajax*. The Labdacidan Tale is one of the sombrest threads woven by the Parcae.

The subjects selected by the Greek dramatists are almost uniformly such as call into play the deepest and darkest passions: madness, adultery, and murder in *Agamemnon*; revenge, murder, and matricide in the *Choephore*; incest in *Edipus*; jealousy and infanticide in *Medea*; incestuous adultery in *Hippolytus*; madness in *Ajax*; and on throughout the series. The currents of these passions are for ever kept in agitation and the alternations of pity and terror close only with the closing of the scene. In other words, in spite of the slowness of its evolution, the drama is distinguished by the very absence of the repose which is pronounced its characteristic.

Here it is we meet with the first profound difference separating Goethe from the Greek dramatist. The repose which was forced upon the Greek, which formed one of his restraints, as the hardness of the marble restrains the sculptor, Goethe has adopted under conditions which did not force him; while the repose, which the Greek kept only at the surface, Goethe has allowed to settle down to the core. In what was accidental, temporal, Goethe has imitated Greek Art; in the essential characteristic he has not imitated it. Racine, so unjustly treated by Schlegel, has given us the passionate life of the Greek Drama, in spite of his Madame Hermione and Monsieur Oronte; in imitating the slow scenic movement he has also imitated the dramatic agitation of the under-current.

Goethe's *Iphigenia*, then, we must cease to regard according to the Grecian standard. It is a German play. It substitutes profound moral and psychological

struggles, for the passionate struggles of old legend. It is not Greek in ideas nor in sentiments. It is German, and transports Germany of the eighteenth century into Scythia during the mythic age, quite as absolutely as Racine places the Court of Versailles in the Camp of Aulis; and with the same ample justification. The points in which Goethe's work resembles the Greek, are, first, the slowness of its scenic movement and simplicity of its action, which produce a corresponding calmness in the dialogue; and secondly, a saturation of mythic lore. All the rest is German. And this Schiller, as a dramatist, clearly saw. "I am astonished," he says, "to find this piece no longer makes the same favourable impression on me that it did formerly; though I still recognise it as a work full of soul. It is, however, so astonishingly modern and un-Greek that I cannot understand how it was ever thought to resemble a Greek play. It is purely moral, but the sensuous power, the life, the agitation, and everything which specifically belongs to a dramatic work is wanting. Goethe has himself spoken slightly of it, but I took that as a mere caprice or coquetry; now I understand him." This is very different from Herder's assertion that the piece is as much above Euripides as Sophocles is above Euripides.

We must pass over the journey to Italy, the criticism of Egmont and Tasso, and the story of *Christiane Vulpius* (though we would willingly have paused over this, because it, for the first time, gives us a distant idea of the woman who became Goethe's wife), to notice the chapter in which Mr. Lewes presents a survey of Goethe's labours in Science. The reader will there find a full account, intelligible even to unscientific persons, of what Goethe really achieved in Botany and Comparative Anatomy and of what he failed to achieve in Optics. The chapter will be interesting to the psychological student as furnishing an example of the mode in which the poetic mind works in the region of positive science.

The Sixth Book comprises the period of the Friendship with Schiller—a friendship which Goethe said made a new "Spring" for him. It was during this period that he completed *Wilhelm Meister*, and the first part of *Faust*, wrote his unrivalled *Ballads*, and that most perfect of idylls, *Hermann and Dorothea*, and united with Schiller in schemes for the elevation of the drama in Germany; so that this sixth book is very various in its matter. We have a sketch of the Romantic School, against which Goethe and Schiller conducted a vigorous crusade, a criticism and analysis of the great works just mentioned, and an amusing chapter, telling the story of Goethe's career, as Intendant of the Theatre at Weimar. The last Book—"Sunset"—describes the circumstances of his marriage, his relation to *Bettina*, and his interviews with Napoleon, criticizes the *Wahlverwandtschaften* and the Second part of *Faust*, discusses Goethe's politics and religion, and depicts the occupations and incidents of his closing years. It contains also a letter from Thackeray, very pleasantly describing the aspect of society in Weimar when he resided there as a youth, and the interview he had with Goethe. But we shall best use our remaining space by giving another quotation. It shall be the following passage from the comparison between Goethe and Schiller.

There are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the History of Literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montaigne and Etienne de la Boetie was, perhaps, more passionate and entire; but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity, not the union of two rivals incessantly contrasted by partisans, and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other. Rivals they were, and are; natures in many respects directly antagonistic; chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims.

To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the future. The massive brow, and large-pupil eyes,—like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto,—the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, yet showing that thought and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished, the strong man,—a certain healthy vigour in the brown skin, and an indescribable something which shines from out the face, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow brow,—tense and intense,—his irregular features lined by thought and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one looks, the other looks out. Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing, he seems much taller than he is; Schiller's frame is disproportioned, he seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller "walks like a camel." Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theuses; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung.

A similar difference is traceable in details. "An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison," Goethe said to Eckermann. "I called on him one day, and as I did not find him at home, I seated myself at his writing-table to note down various matters. I had not been seated long, before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and to me unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odour issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I was instantly restored. Meanwhile his wife came in, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it."

As another and not unimportant detail, characterising the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne.

In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of Realism, the other of Idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them: Schiller was animated with the idea of Freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of Nature. This distinction runs through their works. Schiller always plings for something greater than nature, wishing to make men Demigods. Goethe always striving to let nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of Humanity. The Fall of Man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure instinct into conscious freedom, and with this sense of freedom came the possibility of Morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for Morality which was higher than Morality was worth; he had the ideal of a condition wherein Morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed.

But while the contrast between these two is the contrast of real and ideal, of objective and subjective tendencies, apparent when we consider the men in their

totally, this is only true of them relatively to each other. To speak of Goethe as a Realist, pure and simple, is erroneous; and to speak of Schiller as an Idealist, pure and simple, is not less so. Gervinus strikingly remarks that, compared with Nicolai and Liehtenberg, Goethe appears as an Idealist; compared with Kant and his followers, Schiller appears as a Realist. If Schiller, in comparison with Goethe, must be called a self-conscious poet, in comparison with the Romanticists, he is *savise* and instinctive. Indeed I may repeat here what was said in a former chapter, that all such classifications are necessarily imperfect, and must only be used as artifices of language, by which certain general and predominant characteristics may be briefly indicated. Goethe and Schiller were certainly different natures; but had they been so fundamentally opposed, as it is the fashion to consider them, they could never have become so intimately united. They were opposite and allied, with somewhat of the same differences and resemblances as are traceable in the Greek and Roman Mars. In the Greek Mythology the God of War had not the prominent place he attained in the Roman; and the Greek sculptors, when they represented him, represented him as the victor returning after conflict to repose: holding in his hand the olive branch, while at his feet sits Eros. The Roman sculptors, or those who worked for Rome, represented Mars as the God of War in all his terrors, in the very act of leading on to victory. But, different as these two conceptions were, they were both conceptions of the God of War; Goethe may be likened to the one, and Schiller to the other: both were kindred spirits united by a common purpose.

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HERODOTUS.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the fifth century before Christ. An Imaginary Biography, founded on fact. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

Two qualities remarked in Mr. Wheeler's treatise on the geography of Herodotus were those of a ripe scholar and a liberal critic. The work, with its apparatus of indices, maps, and diagrams—its analysis of historical evidence, its minute references and studied generalizations, was less unpopular in style than most classical manuals. Mr. Wheeler was neither so dull as Rennell, nor so pretentious as Niebuhr, and he obtained and deserved the thanks of all students for the integrity of his purpose, no less than for the zeal of his investigations. His new work is of more questionable value. Mr. Wheeler, we assume, had an object. He says, indeed, that his object was "to give, in a popular form, a complete survey of the principal nations of the ancient world, as they were in the days of Pericles and Nebuchadnezzar." For "complete" we should here like to read "correct." But, by the use of this word, the candour of the book would have been sacrificed. As it is, the preface is frank enough, for it directs us, at once, to some of the weak points in Mr. Wheeler's plan. For the sake of "completeness," he is unwilling to pass by certain topics of large interest, but for the sake of "popularity," desires to avoid criticism, and, without caution or reserve, "states boldly results which have not as yet received the approval of every scholar." If, however, he aimed only at the production of a popular romance of ancient manners, there were abundance of materials for constructing a more entertaining narrative than this. By omitting some of the long historical digressions, and filling up his canvass with the details of social life, he would have attained, at once, greater completeness and a lighter tone. The purpose of such a work as this *Imaginary Biography* must be that of laying open the young world, with its ripening age, its philosophical systems, its institutions, and its social history, to the gaze of a generation indisposed to critical inquiries; and if the end proposed be to inform as well as to amuse, something is surely lost by Mr. Wheeler's facile and evasive method. He is dealing with the manners, the habits, the character, the politics of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other ancient races; he is passing in review topics that have been and are still debated in all learned circles; but he glides over the surface whenever the waters are troubled, and, instead of recognising a doubt, makes a flank march, and covers a gap with a conjecture.

By this defect in its plan, the book is taken out of the category of authority. To indicate an example: Did the Greeks colour their marble statues or architectural monuments? Mr. Wheeler says they did not, for "the native beauty of the pure white marble" would have been utterly spoiled. Here is the very salient of the discussion. A surface of pure white marble is pronounced by the colourists "horrible," and Mr. Wheeler's veneration of its brilliance and delicacy is placed among the vagaries of tradition. We may concur with Mr. Wheeler on this point; we may decline the barbaric theories of Mr. Owen Jones, and accept the conclusions of Landerer and Hettner; but the student learns nothing from the *Biography of Herodotus*. The writer's determination to veil one side of ancient life by concealing its vices, was perhaps necessary, though not to the degree supposed by Mr. Wheeler. We allude to his suppression of the Hetaïra. The general subject is, in other respects, freely treated. Thus: Herodotus is supposed to visit Persepolis and Jerusalem, and to converse with Nebuchadnezzar. To all this there can be no objection. A more equivocal license is exhibited in the retrospective summaries by which the relation is continually broken. Herodotus arrives at Corinth—there is an outline of the Corinthian annals. He comes to Sparta—the story of Sparta is told—he lands in Egypt. The dubious records of Egypt are summarised with as much neatness as daring. In his Assyrian and Median travels, he unravels the chronicles of centuries; and thus at every turn, the personal narrative is lost in the profundities of ancient history. Instead of painting a broad picture of the ancient world at a particular era, Mr. Wheeler begins at the beginning in a dozen separate chapters, and loads the biography with the materials of an encyclopedia in the effort to make his romantic Herodotus the hero of an universal epic.

Mr. Wheeler's scenery is, in general, good. His costumes and accessories, also, are effective—perhaps, as representations, accurate. He "restores" a Greek or Babylonian city with a careful reference to authorities. He serves up a feast in due Athenian order; and we are not sorry that he leaves Potter to discuss alone, with his opaque and erudite locution, the question of precedence at table. But the life of the story is faint; the dialogue is never lively, and often falls into disquisition. There is seldom any realization of manners. The book is panoramic, not dramatic. The women introduced are statuesque figures, delicately clad and disposed in

lovely attitudes; but the spirit of a drama is wanting; and since this deficiency is not redeemed by systematic accuracy, is not the performance a mistake?

It is obviously impossible that in a drama of the ancient world the personages should not speak in a modern idiom. If an English author could write in the Doric or Ionian style, English readers would not understand him. But there is a clear difference between affecting classical forms of speech, and finding in every institution or habit of the Greeks an analogy with one of our own times, which may be set forth in a popular modern phrase. There were "parties" in Greece no doubt, even in our sense of the term, but why classify these mechanically as "Reformers" and "Conservatives"? Why speak of "Young Athens," as though history re-produced itself, and as though our ideas were mirrors of the ideas of Greece? There was monarchy in the Hellenic period, but not the monarchy of a feudal or constitutional epoch. Not by time only, but by circumstances, by manners, by all the influences of religion and of society, was the Hellenic monarchist distinguished from the monarchist of the present day. Again, by styling the dikastries "jury-courts," the essential differences between those tribunals and English juries are overlooked. Mr. Wheeler, seduced by the example of Mr. Grote, suggests incessant parallels and analogies. He does not theorise upon them, it is true; they are dropped into the narrative as coolly as the most indisputable fact.

Mr. Wheeler's remarks on marriage may be pointed out as illustrating his loose and confident style. With an apparent preference for the institutions of Sparta, he represents the Greek women in nearly all other cities as in most respects degraded. If his survey had been as complete as it pretends to be, it would have included an account of their education, and of the relations existing between them and their husbands, in Athens especially; it would not have been confined to a vague statement of their wool-spinning predilections. Mr. Wheeler is as positive on this topic as he is on the subject of the Homeric poems, and in both cases presents results which "have not been as yet approved by every scholar."

It is unnecessary to dissect Mr. Wheeler's view—an interesting, and in many respects, a very able view; but his opinions on controverted topics must not be allowed to rank with statements past criticism. It is of particular importance to remark these qualities of his work, because, in all its sections, it is based on special and personal opinions. The summary of Athenian politics is liable, in some details, to contradiction. The early annals of other states exhibit a confusion of myth with history. Those of Egypt rest on conjectural interpretations of symbols which are still mysteries. Those of the Medo-Persian Empire are vague legends, illustrating the state of historical science in the age of Herodotus, but not clearing up the discrepancies between sacred and profane tradition.

Thus, Mr. Wheeler's biography is too imaginary. Neither is his scheme so complete, as from the prefatory announcement we had anticipated. He deals with the externals of the antique society; to the comparative exclusion of that interior existence, which would leave many popular elements to the book. At Athens, too large a space is devoted to the architecture! survey of the city, to its political factions, and to the aspects of its public life. From the street-scenes, and the outlines of Euphorione's banquet-room, we should have liked to pass into the inner chambers, to see the Greek in their familiar hours, to look at their furniture, their wardrobes, at the materials of their feasts, at their marriage ceremonies, in their nurseries, at their villa life, their farms, gardens, and schools. Mr. Wheeler's researches in this department seem to have been limited. Since he desired to brighten his narrative with amusing details, why not "state boldly" that Herodotus was invited to the marriage of Caranos, and entertained him after the manner of Macedonia?

The book, it follows, whatever merit it may possess as an attempt, cannot have the praise of an entire success. It is elaborate, pleasantly written, carefully finished, and has not more than the inevitable pedantry of the subject; but it does not lay open a full or accurate view of the condition of the ancient world. Entertaining in parts it is, but rendered dull at times by the amplitude of Mr. Wheeler's digressions. Those digressions, moreover, exclude the realizations we had expected of social life in each of the regions traversed—at Corinth, Athens, or in the author's favourite Sparta. Happily, Mr. Wheeler has not devoted his investigations in classical and Christian literature to this work alone. "The Geography of Herodotus" is a book of substantial and enduring value, which would earn for him the gratitude of many generations of students, even were this "Imaginary Biography" less excellent than it is. Whatever its faults are, its merit is to refresh and invigorate the mind, and incline it to serious and profitable studies.

LECTURES TO LADIES.

Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects. Macmillan. These lectures were delivered by Mr. Maurice, and those who take part with him in his good work, at the Working Men's College. They are indeed practical lectures, the work of practical philanthropists, men of real knowledge and experience in their mission, with sound understanding and warm hearts. We earnestly commend them to our readers, as full of interest and instruction. The papers of Mr. Kingsley on the Country Parish, of Dr. Johnson on the causes of Bodily and Mental Disease among the Poor, of Mr. Davies on District Visiting, and of Dr. Chambers on the Influence of Occupation on Health, strike us as peculiarly excellent. Mr. Stephen's general account of "Law, as it affects the poor," is also very clear and masterly, and may be read with advantage by anybody, whether engaged in visiting the poor or not. We quote a few words of advice to visiting ladies from Mr. Kingsley's paper:—

I entreat you to bear in mind (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless) that you must regulate your conduct to them, and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. Never let any woman say of you (though fatal to all confidence, all influence)—"Yes, it is all very kind: but she does not behave to me as she would to one of her own quality." Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence,—all may be nul-

lified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would touch a lady. Woman's heart is alike in all ranks, and the deepest sorrow is the one of which she speaks the last and least. We should not like any one—no, not an angel from Heaven, to come into our houses without knocking at the door, and say, "I hear you are very ill off, I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money. I will take your accounts into my own hands;" and still less again,—"Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, who is not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him out of your hands and reform him myself." Neither do the poor like such unceremonious mercy, such untender tenderness, benevolence at horseplay, mistaking kicks for caresses. They do not like it, they will not respond to it, save in parishes which have been demoralised by indiscriminate benevolence, and where the last remaining virtues of the poor saving-self-help and independence have been exchanged (as I have too often seen them exchanged) for organised begging and hypocrisy.

Will the day ever come when these precepts will be unnecessary, and the need of visiting will be but in a better and more equal order of things? It is far distant at any rate. In the meantime, the benevolence of these men not only relieves misery, but opens the hearts and minds of all to progress of the best and surest kind. We heartily congratulate Mr. Maurice on the associates he has gathered round him: their names are the deserved crown of his noble life.

The Postdiluvian History, from the Flood to the Call of Abraham, as set forth in the early portions of the Book of Genesis, critically examined and explained. By the Rev. E. D. Rendell, of Preston: author of "Antidiluvian History," "Rationalities of the Bible," &c., &c. James S. Hodson.

THE writer of this book, as a learned divine and a candid man, finds it impossible to accept the History of Genesis in its literal sense. "Modern inquiry has removed old interpretations." He therefore has recourse to the symbolical method, and treats the narrative as the allegorical history of the Church. He justifies this by a general theory that all primitive religion was esoteric, and that all primitive religious writings were figurative. This character he considers to have been shared by those documents anterior to Moses, from which the Mosaic history was derived. He assumes these documents not to have been of a mythical character, but revelations "probably produced in Palestine or its neighbourhood." But what sort of revelation is that which, being allegorical, contains no hint of its allegorical nature, and is accepted in its literal sense by those to whom it is delivered, and by the Church ever since? Our confidence in Mr. Rendell's theory, we confess, is not strengthened by the result of its application. According to him, Cain and Abel are faith and charity, and the murder of Abel by Cain is the triumph of faith over charity; the Ark rising above the Flood is the Church rising above temptation; the want of means for ventilation in the Ark denotes that spiritual influences are supplied not from without, but from within; the raven is a bad, and the dove a good principle of the intellect; the rainbow is a type of the variegation of truth; burnt-offerings are not burnt-offerings, but loved duties; Noah's drunkenness is spiritual intoxication, and his nakedness moral shame; Nimrod is dominion in the Church; the bricks used instead of stones by the builders of Babel, are falsehoods adopted instead of truth, the burning them hard is the burning love of those falsehoods, the inflammatory nature of which is further designated by the vituminous slime, &c., &c. If this is the right way of interpreting the Book of Genesis, we can only say that the author or authors of that book must have been skilled above all men in the art of using language to conceal their thoughts.

LIFE AND MIND.

The Principles of Psychology. By Herbert Spencer, Author of "Social Statistics." Longman and Co.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

In a previous article we sketched the rise of the Physiological Method in Psychology. Beginning with the most general and rudimentary conception of the relation between organ and function, fundamentally opposed to the old Psychology, by considering Thought as a property of Matter, and not as the property of some unknown, unknowable Spirit, this Method passed from hypothesis to hypothesis, becoming more and more definite and precise in its localization of functions, till not only the whole human organism, but the whole animal kingdom was taken into consideration.

In Mr. Spencer's work, this Method culminates. He makes Psychology one of the great divisions of Biology. Bodily life and mental life are two divisions of Life in general, being related to each other as species of which Life is the genus; or, to vary it with our old formula, Life is everywhere psychical, but only specially intelligent. What a stride from the brief and timid references to savages and children, which were considered heretical in Locke, to this bold identification of Thought with Life! Mr. Spencer says:—

Though we commonly regard mental and bodily life as distinct, it needs only to ascend somewhat above the ordinary point of view, to see that they are but subdivisions of life in general; and that no line of demarcation can be drawn between them, otherwise than arbitrarily. Doubtless, to those who persist, after the popular fashion, in contemplating only the extreme forms of the two, this assertion will appear as incredible as the assertion that a tree arises by imperceptible changes out of a seed, would appear to one who had seen none of the intermediate stages. But in the absence of prejudices, an examination of the successive links, will produce conviction in the one case as in the other. It is not more certain that from the simple reflex action by which the infant sucks, up to the elaborate reasonings of the adult man, the progress is by daily infinitesimal steps, than it is certain that between the automatic actions of the lowest creatures, and the highest conscious actions of the human race, a series of actions, displayed by the various tribes of the animal kingdom, may be so placed, as to render it impossible to say of any one step in the series—Here intelligence begins. If, from the advanced man of science, pursuing his inquiries with a full understanding of the ratiocinative and inductive processes he employs, we descend to the man of ordinary education, who reasons well and comprehensively, but without knowing how; if, going a grade lower, we analyze the thinkings of the villager, whose highest generalizations are but little wider than those which local events afford data

for; if, again, we sink to the inferior human races, who cannot be induced to think, who cannot take in ideas of any complexity, and whose conceptions of number scarcely transcend those of the dog; if we take next the higher quadrupeds, hosts of whose actions are quite as rational as those of school-boys, and whose language, however unintelligible to us, is manifestly more or less intelligible to each other; if, from these, we proceed to domesticated animals, whose power of reasoning is conceded even by those under theological bias, with the qualification that it is special and not general—a qualification which equally holds between the different grades of human reasoning; if, from the most sagacious quadrupeds, we descend to the less and less sagacious ones, noting as we pass how gradual is the transition to those which exhibit no power of modifying their actions to suit special conditions, and which so prove themselves to be guided by what we call instinct; if, from observing the operation of the higher instincts, in which a complicated combination of motions is produced by a complicated combination of stimuli, we go down to the successively lower ones, in which the applied stimuli and the resulting motions are less and less complex; if, presently, we find ourselves merging into what is technically known as reflex action, in which a single motion follows a single stimulus; if, from the creatures in which this implies the irritation of a nerve and the contraction of a muscle, we descend yet lower, to creatures devoid of nervous and muscular systems, and discover that in these the irritability and the contractility are exhibited by the same tissue, which tissue also fulfils the functions of assimilation, secretion, respiration, and reproduction; and if, finally, we perceive that each of the phases of intelligence here instanced, shades off into the adjacent ones by modifications too numerous to specify, too minute to describe, we shall in some measure realize the fact, that no definite separation can be effected between the phenomena of mind and those of vitality in general.

The third and fourth parts of his book demonstrate in detail this proposition. He first inquires into the various definitions of Life (bodily life) given by Physiologists, and finally settles on one which, so long as we consider Life in its dynamical aspect, seems unexceptionable, namely: *The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.* Or it may be more popularly worded thus: *Life consists in the continuous adjustment of an organism to external stimuli.* But we only make this change here for the reader's sake. Mr. Spencer's terms best suit his purposes, and keep the various parts of his book in obvious connection.

With this definition as a guide, he conducts us through the ascending series of vital complexities. He first shows how life itself, consisting in the correspondence of the internal with the external, varies in complexity with the varying degrees of correspondence established; and then how the lowest forms of life are those in which the correspondences are direct and homogeneous, because they are limited to a simple environment; how an advance is obtained by a slight heterogeneity in the correspondence, and so on till we reach forms of life in which sensations first arise.

Here we greatly desire a fuller treatment than Mr. Spencer has given. The cardinal question which Psychology has to settle with respect to Physiology is this: Can Sensibility be rightly considered as a new element—a new fact introduced; one which has no analogue; one which is different in kind as well as in degree, from all the other elements of life; or is it merely one form of that irritability which we all admit to be a general property of vital tissue? There is no hesitation in Mr. Spencer's answer. He says: "There is every reason to believe that the susceptibilities to odours, colours, and sounds, arise by insensible degrees out of that primordial irritability with which the animal tissue in its lowest orms is uniformly, or almost uniformly, endowed." Indeed, the whole tendency of his book is in this direction. He has not, however, as we conceive, carried the principle far enough, nor expressed with sufficient distinctness its bearing upon consciousness. But we cannot open so wide a question here. Enough that he recognises the fact that the Senses have a basis in those primordial properties of organic matter which distinguish it from inorganic. "It is a conclusion to which many facts point that sensibility, of all kinds, tactual and other, takes its rise out of those fundamental processes of assimilation and oxidation—integration and disintegration—in which life, in its primitive form, consists." He says further:—

In the lowest members of the animal kingdom, whose bodies are so little organized as to be almost, if not quite, homogeneous, the whole mass of tissue performs, in its imperfect way, all the vital functions. Every part exhibits more or less of that contractility which in higher creatures is confined to the muscles; that irritability which they show only in the nerves; that reproductive power which with them is localised; that absorption of oxygen which only their lungs perform; that power to assimilate which is eventually confined to the stomach; that excretory action afterwards divided among the lungs, skin, and kidneys. Where, as in the lowest creatures of all, the body consists of nothing more than a structureless, homogeneous, substance; and where, as in somewhat higher and larger creatures, the body is made up of little else than an aggregation of like cells, there is an almost complete community of functions throughout; and only as fast as the structure comes to be specialized, does each part lose the power of subserving other processes than its habitual one.

It is not quite accurate to say the function of assimilation is eventually confined to the stomach; assimilation is a general property of tissue; all tissues assimilate, i. e., grow, transmute the blood-plasma into tissues. The stomach prepares the food for this assimilation. So also with the absorption of oxygen. Every tissue takes up oxygen and lets out carbonic acid. Even muscle, cut from the body and deprived of its blood, has been seen, so long as its irritability remained, to perform this absorption of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid—which is the fundamental fact, the end and aim of respiration. The function of the lungs, like that of the stomach, is purely preparatory; it is a function which the growing complexity of the organism renders necessary.

Mr. Spencer, while describing the "physiological division of labour," insists on the fact, that even when one function is specialised in a particular organ, traces of it still remain in the others; and he adds that, bearing in mind the fact that heterogeneity of function arises out of an original homogeneity, the traces of which are never entirely lost, we shall be prepared to find a certain parallelism of method and results in the evolution of sensory and motor actions. Here, too, we may look for a certain community of function throughout the whole organism—a possession by the whole organism of those susceptibilities which are ultimately located and developed in eyes, nose, and the rest. The primordial tissue, which by one process of differentiation and integration gives origin to the internal and external systems—the visceral and nervo-muscular organs—

ness, to some extent, the power of the last as well as of the first. Not only the fundamental separation into vegetative and animal functions, but the subdivision of each into all the minor processes and actions, must be regarded as so many specializations of the various properties which every part of the elemental tissue possesses in some degree.

Thus, between Touch—which is the most general and elementary form of sensibility—and Assimilation—which is the most general and elementary form of vitality—there is an intimate connection:—

Not only does assimilation necessarily presuppose touch; but, among the simplest processes, touch and assimilation are to a considerable extent coextensive: the tactual surface and the digestive surface are the same. The *Ameba*, a structureless speck of jelly, having no constant form, sends out, in this or that direction, prolongations of its substance. One of these prolongations meeting with, and attaching itself to, some relatively fixed object, becomes a temporary limb by which the body of the creature is drawn forward; but if this prolongation meets with some relatively small portion of organic matter, it gradually expands its extremity round this, gradually contracts and gradually draws the nutritive morsel into the mass of the body, which collapses round it and presently dissolves it. That is to say, the same portion of tissue is at once eye, hand, mouth and stomach—is at once a sensory, motor, and digestive organ—shows us the tactual and assimilatory functions united in one. And if we assume, as we may fairly do, that the stimulus which causes the contraction of this protruded part when its extremity touches assimilable matter, arises from the chemical relation between the two—is caused by a commencing absorption of the assimilable matter, an implicit digestion of it—we shall see a still closer relation between the primordial sense and the primordial vegetable function.

He analyses taste, smell, sight, and hearing in the same way, winding up with the remark, that there is not a little reason to think that all forms of sensibility to external stimuli are, in their nascent shapes, nothing but the modifications which those stimuli produce in that duplex process of assimilation and oxidation which constitutes the primordial life—a view which receives further confirmation in a subsequent part of the work, where Mr. Spencer shows how all other impressions have to be translated into tactual impressions before their meanings can be known. The reader must seek this for himself. One extract from the summary is all we can find room for:—

Thus, it will be manifest, that from the lowest to the highest forms of life, the increasing adjustment of inner to outer relations, is, if rightly understood, one individual progression. Just as, out of the homogeneous tissue with which every organism commences, there arises by one continuous process of differentiation and integration, a complex of organs performing separate functions, but which remain throughout mutually dependent, and indeed grow more mutually dependent; so, the correspondence between the phenomena going on inside of the organism and those going on outside of it, beginning, as it does, with some simple homogeneous correspondence between internal and external affinities, gradually becomes differentiated into various orders of correspondence, which are constantly more and more subdivided, but which nevertheless maintain a reciprocity of aid that grows ever greater as the progression advances. The two progressions are in truth parts of the same progression. Not to dwell upon the facts which imply that the primordial tissue is endowed throughout with the several forms of irritability in which the senses originate, and that the organs of sense arise, like all other organs, by the differentiation of this primordial tissue; not to dwell upon the fact that the impressions received by these senses form the raw materials of intelligence, which arises by combination of them, and must therefore conform to their law of evolution; not to dwell upon the fact that intelligence advances *pari passu* with the advance of the nervous system, and that the nervous system obeys the same law of development as the other systems; not to dwell upon these facts, it is sufficiently manifest, that as the progress of organization and the progress of the correspondence between the organism and its environment, are but different aspects of the evolution of life in general, they cannot fail to harmonize.

The final section of the work treats of Intelligence, Will, Memory, the Feelings, &c. Although full of valuable matter, it is the least satisfactory portion—less perfect in its exposition, less thoroughly worked out as a scheme. Not to mention many points of detail which might be questioned, there is the strange omission of the Moral Sentiments altogether. True, the work is not a treatise on Psychology; it pretends to furnish no more than principles; nevertheless, the Moral Sentiments deserve as large a place in such an exposition as Will or Reason can lay claim to. In the opening of our criticism on Herbert Spencer, we compared his work to that of Schuam; and we may close it with a similar remark: just as the theory of Schuam has been modified by successors, who see reason to limit the cell theory to embryonal cells, and in all subsequent stages recognize cells, tubes, fibres as the origins of tissues; so also must Herbert Spencer's successors modify his theory by the introduction of Pleasure and Pain as Primordial elements, and from them the genesis of the Moral Sentiments.

"STOP THE WAR!"

The Great Sieges of History. By Wm. Robson.

G. Routledge & Co.

Peace at any price would be preferable to the intolerable influx of warlike literature with which the British public is now so ruthlessly inundated. Here we have one Mr. Robson—not the Yellow Dwarf, we presume—who has taken in hand to give some account of what he considers the great sieges of history from that of Bactra, 2,134 years before the Christian era, down to the fall of Sebastopol in the year of grace, 1855. Probably in expiation of some unknown sin, these 627 pages of disagreeable type have been consigned to us to read and review. But, in truth, the work would be beneath regular criticism did not the author profess to have written for students of the military art, whereas it should rather be called the Boys' Own Book of Sieges. Had Mr. Robson taken this humbler ground, we should have tendered our meed of commendation; but, as a means of military education, his book is utterly worthless. What is the lesson to be derived from the assault of Thebes, in Palestine, by Abimelech, the son of Gideon?—what from the early sieges of Jerusalem?—what from so many other stories related after this manner?—

"Gaza was taken by Buonaparte, in his Egyptian expedition; but as there is no striking circumstance to give interest to the siege, we shall content ourselves with recording the fact."

"Towards the middle of the fifth century, Clodio, first of the race of Merovingian kings of the Franks in Gaul, entered Belgium, surprised the Roman troops, defeated

them, and laid siege to Tournai, even then a powerful city. But it could not withstand the conqueror long; he took it, and gave it up to pillage."

"Our French readers (?) might, perhaps, accuse us of neglect of their glory, if we omitted all notice of the surrender of Vienna to the arms and fortunes of Napoleon; but as there was not even the semblance of either a siege or resistance, the details of the affair do not fall within our plan."

Possibly these apocryphal "French readers" may think it a greater neglect that no mention is made of the last siege of Rome, or even of that of Antwerp. On the other hand, twenty pages are devoted to the "liberation" of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, and nearly double that space to the fate of Antioch at the same period. The sieges of Naples are prefaced by the very authentic information that the original name of the city was derived from "the siren Parthenope," who, "mortally chagrined at not being able to charm Ulysses to his destruction, drowned herself from pure spite." If her chagrin were mortal, it does seem to have been very superfluous on the part of the damsel to take the trouble to drown herself, even allowing for the temptation to a woman in the gratification of "pure spite." But Mr. Robson acknowledges his partiality for fiction, provided the "colouring" be of a nature "to make virtue more attractive and vice more repulsive."

"In our account of the early sieges of Rome, notwithstanding our conviction that many of the events related of them are apocryphal, we shall adhere to the version which was the delight (?) of our boyhood." . . . "Now all the best incidents of this siege (by Porsenna) are deemed apocryphal; and yet, who will dare to tell us that the well authenticated accounts of the vices of the declining empire are equally instructive and ameliorating?"

After this profession of faith, Mr. Robson can hardly expect that "a student of the military art" will turn with much confidence to his pages. He will naturally fear that, to render the "bitter draught" less unpalatable, the author may have "tinged the vessel's brim with juices sweet."

Nam veluti pueris absinthia tetra medentes
Quam dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,
Ut puerorum etas inprovida ladicetur,
Lacrarum tenuis, &c.

However, if Mr. Robson had intended to write merely for the amusement of our martial youth, we could not blame him for relieving the dry details of sieges by pleasant episodes, rather romantic than strictly true. He would at least have attained his end with the adoption of no worse means than have been employed by the Jesuits, who—as M. Mignet observes—*pour arriver à leurs fins osèrent tout, même le bien*. But having aimed too high, he has signally failed; though, as a Christmas present, we think his book quite equal to Sandford and Merton, and better than Jack the Giant-killer.

ERNEST JONES'S POEMS.

The Battle Day: and other Poems. By Ernest Jones, of the Middle Temple Barrister-at-law. G. Routledge and Co.

THERE are so many pretenders to poetry, that it is too often a melancholy and insupportable business to open their books. Men string rhymes together and fancy they have penetrated what Goethe calls the "open secret;" they imagine they possess a direct insight into things unseen by the many, and name themselves poets. Mr. Ernest Jones, however, has enough of the poetic element developed in him as to be acknowledged a poet by his neighbours. Until now, he has chiefly been popular as a political agitator, and so far realizes the notion that a man to be great should be capable of being all sorts of men. A few of his verses in their extreme homeliness, remind us of this part of his experience, and might have been spoken instead of sung. In poetry, we ought to be content with nothing less than perfection, in each work after its kind, great or small; and such lines as

"Deliberate and Excitement proof,"
"Conventions Helot—Governess"
"And Patriotism is Calculation,"

jar on the ear, and prove that the artist lacked heart at his work. Still the author has the gift of verse, and he uses it more or less discreetly. The Battle-day, which gives the book its title, has no reference to the present war. It is a chivalrous legend to display the mischief of irresolution. The hero Lindsay loves, listens to slanders against his bride, and doubts: doubt kills love, and he is left. The silent and gradual alienation of these lovers is a piece of observation not to be passed over:—

And Lindsay?—Did he love no more?
Oh! still more madly than before,
But Doubt, as with enchanter's art,
Placed his cold hand upon his heart;
Froze the warm glances in his eye,
And turned to ice the burning sigh;
Chilled the full ardour of his tone
To stony words from lips of stone,
And blighting thus another's fate,
Yet left himself most desolate.
At first, so slight the altered guise,
It woke no fear—scarce raised surprise;
But hour by hour, and day by day,
Something familiar died away,—
A smile, a sigh, a look the less,
A languor in the forced cares,
Those nameless nothings, that reveal
Tho' tongues be mute, what hearts must feel.
Though all unseen, they felt, they knew
A veil was drawn between the two;
'Twas raised by Doubt, 'twas held by Pride,
Who silent stood on either side;
It hung between, so thin of fold,
And yet so chilly, dark, and cold,
The smiles of love could not shine through,
The kind glance lost its tenderest hue,
The soft endearments of the Past
Gleamed pale athwart its darkness cast:

Yet 'twas at first a thing so slight,
That mocked the touch, the ear, the sight!
Oh! it had yielded to a breath—
One little word of love and faith!
That little word was never spoken:
And souls were wrecked—and hearts were broken!

To forget, if possible, the weight at his heart, Lindsay leaves his native land and becomes the sole commander of an army,—what army we are not told; but Doubt again loses him the battle. There is spirited writing here:—

As to winds sink scattered waves,
On that deathfield without graves
Down before the cannon-blast
Behold a living pavement cast.
And still they stood, and still they fell
Before the red advancing hell:
Then turned to Lindsay every eye,
Broke from the field one smothered cry
Demanding but that single sign
To crush the foe's up-gathering line.
Every horse is scarce held back—
Every heart is on the rack—
Every spirit on the rise:
It is the moment—and it flies!

And up and down—and to and fro—
The battle reeled across the plain,
And when its force seemed stricken low,
Up burst the fiend afresh again;
With quivering arm and panting breath,
And battered bone and streaming vein,
But heart as fierce as it began—
A mass of horse, and steel and man—
Squadron hurdling,—shattered square,—
But still enough to do and dare;
Beat of foot and hard hoof prancing,
Now receding, now advancing,—
The ebb and flow of the tide of death!

The Peer's story is a narrative piece which goes on and on until at last the catastrophe is so postponed one is hardly conscious of its origin. The governess of a noble house becomes attached to the tutor; their love is discovered by the eldest son, who is jealous, and whispers his own passion to the frightened Clare. Lady Carleon, the mother, is as worldly and dignified as some ladies are wont to be when their plans are outwitted, and she makes the poor governess feel her inferior position.

"For she could smile opponents down,
With smiles more cutting than a frown."

Yet the Peer loves, and we are left to guess that he enjoys some kind of reward for his independence. Mr. Jones is more at home in "The Factory Town," and although there is exaggeration in painting the "bloated manufacturer," there is only too substantial a truth in the sketch of the stunted and saddened worker:—

There they lie—the withered corpses,
With one regretful thought,
Trampled by thy fierce steam-horses,
England's mighty Juggernaut!

Over all the solemn heaven
Arches, like a God's reproof
At the offerings men have driven
To Hell's altars, loom and woof!

Hear ye not the secret sighing?
And the tear drop thro' the night?
See ye not a nation dying
For want of rest, and air, and light?

Perishing for want of Nature!
Crowded in the stifling town—
Dwarfed in brain and shrunk in stature—
Generations growing down!

Thinner wanes the rural village,
Smokier lies the fallow plain—
Shrinks the cornfields' pleasant tillage,
Fades the orchard's rich domain;

And a banished population
Festers in the fetid street:—
Give us, God, to save our nation,
Less of cotton, more of wheat.

Take us back to lee and wild wood,
Back to nature and to Thee!
To the child restore his childhood—
To the man his dignity!

The Arts.

TRADE BARBARISM IN ART.

A SINGULAR commentary on the amount and nature of our popular appreciation of the Fine Arts may be found in a piece of Vandalism recently committed in the City. Several steel plates, on which were engraved some of the best works of LANDSEER, EASTLAKE, and other eminent English artists, and the original production of which, by the present Lord Mayor, had cost a sum little short of 30,000*l.*, were, in the course of last week, destroyed by their present proprietor, Mr. Boys, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, in the presence of a large body of the most celebrated print-sellers and print-publishers in the metropolis. The well-known prints, "The Waterloo Banquet," "The Queen receiving the Sacrament," "The Christening of the Princess Royal," Sir CHARLES

EASTLAKE's "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's "Return from Hawking," and several others, were ruthlessly battered and cut to pieces, the fragments being exhibited nailed on boards. The reason for this destruction was stated by Mr. Boys to be this—that "the patrons of art," having paid ten, fifteen, or twenty guineas for an engraving, do not like to see, in the course of a few years, as they often do, impressions from the same plate hawked about for incredibly low sums. The plates had, therefore, been destroyed, and the value was thus fixed, unless, indeed, it should rise still higher.

Such was Mr. Boys' explanation; but a later and wiser age will wonder at such barbarism—at so sordid a sacrifice of Art to money, and so singular an evidence of the kind of value placed by aristocratic "patrons" of the pencil and the burin upon the productions of genius. A more complete specimen of moneyed selfishness was never given. The masses are to be shut out from the enjoyment of works of art in order that the property of my Lord TOMSODDY or Mr. Alderman TURTLE may not be depreciated in the market; the value of an engraving to such comprehensions consisting, not in any appeal to the divine and spiritual elements of our nature—our perceptions of the noble, the beautiful, and the sublime—but in the consideration of how much it will fetch, if sold, or how far, when hanging on the walls or lying in the portfolios of its purchaser, it bears testimony to his wealth and position. One would have supposed that the extra sum paid by the original subscribers is compensated for by the superior delicacy of first impressions, and the privilege of anticipating others in the possession of a given work. But the TOMSODDIES and TURTLES will have their ten or twenty guineas' worth in perpetuity, with a prospect of enhanced value, or they will pout and whimper over their grievance. It may be very true that in the present case none of the plates can be considered works of very high art; but that does not affect the abstract question.

After the immolation of the plates, the remaining impressions were put up to a trade sale, the competition of which was very spirited. A liberal dinner terminated this exhibition of modern Paganism in Art.

THE HAYMARKET MELODRAMA.—The fate which usually attends on modern attempts at tragic drama has befallen a four-act play which was produced at the HAYMARKET THEATRE last Saturday night, and which already has been discreetly withdrawn—that is to say, adjourned *sine die*. *The Beginning and the End* is the title of this play; and if a realization of that title within a very few nights—the Omega following poste-haste upon the Alpha—be a token of success, the production must certainly be described as having succeeded. Mrs. Lambert, the wife of a starving Bristol clerk, and the mother of his starving children, induces her husband to forge a will, in virtue (or in vice) of which, an old German merchant, who is on his death-bed, is made to leave his property to Lambert. The clerk himself at first objects, but is over-ruled by his strong-minded spouse. The old merchant dies; the fraudulent will is produced; the Lambert family are made rich and—and miserable; and Lambert himself becomes a confirmed drunkard. Worse than all, they are in the power of a burglar, who happened to have been unlawfully in the German merchant's house on the night of the forgery, and, concealed in the pantry, to have witnessed the destruction in the kitchen fire of the genuine will. This individual, therefore, hangs like an avenging Jove over the guilty family, shares their property, and at length proposes for the eldest daughter—no, not proposes, but demands her. To get this disagreeable fellow out of the way, the mother gives him a cup of poisoned wine; but, before drinking it, he offers a sip to one of the little boys. The mother screams out with horror, and the suspicions of the burglar are aroused. Drawing a knife, he swears he will cut the child's throat unless either he or his mother drinks the wine. Mrs. Lambert humours him by quaffing the goblet, and obliges the audience by dying soon after in much agony both of body and mind. Thereupon, enter officers of justice, and arrests the burglar for previous villainies by him committed. Also, a lover of the young lady, to whom it is discovered that the old German merchant had left all his property by the real will, the said lover being, in fact, though not hitherto known as such, the merchant's very dear nephew. And so it all ends.

MISS CUSHMAN, as Mrs. Lambert, did her best to create a success. Mr. CHIPPENDALE was rugged and forcible in the part of the husband; and Mr. HOWE performed *Mat Hall*, the burglar, with picturesque vagabondism. But the play was loudly hissed at "the end," if not at "the beginning," and is now dead and buried. It will be seen from the plot, that there is a most prodigious heaping up of Pelions of horror upon Ossas of ditto, till, like some of the extravagancies of DANTE, the grim topples over into the ludicrous. The play, which ought rather to have been cast in the form of a melodrama, would probably have succeeded at the ADELPHI; but a HAYMARKET audience requires something different.

SELF REFORM OF THE CITY.—The following resolution was on Monday submitted for adoption to the Court of Common Council:—"That it is desirable to co-operate with her Majesty's Government in passing through Parliament a bill for the reform of the corporation, founded upon the resolutions agreed to by this Court on the 24th of February, 1854; that Mr. Remembrancer be directed to prepare the draught of a bill in conformity with the above resolution, to be submitted for the approval of this Court; and that a conference be held thereon with her Majesty's Government." After considerable discussion, the following rather incongruous amendments were adopted:—"That no further discussion takes place until the Court has the Government bill before them." "That it is desirable to confer with her Majesty's Government in passing through Parliament a bill for the reform of this corporation, and that a committee of three aldermen and twelve commoners be appointed for that purpose and to report to this Court."

FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—An explosion has taken place in a colliery at Bolton, owing to a man entering the workings with a naked light. The gas, which had accumulated during the night, at once took fire, and five men were severely burnt, one of whom has since died.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

TO-MORROW, MONDAY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence TO-MORROW, MONDAY, November 5th, 1855.

During the interval which has elapsed since his last Concerts, M. JULLIEN has neglected no opportunity of improving his Orchestra, but has endeavoured to add to its efficiency, both in the selection of its individual members, as well as in its general construction. The Wind Instruments of Wood will be doubled, thus being Two Principal and Two Second Flutes—Two Principal and Two Second Clarinets—Two Principal and Two Second Basses—and Two Principal and Two Second Bassoons—thus correcting that balance of sound which has been greatly injured by the universal practice, both in England and on the Continent, of making large additions to the Strings, without a corresponding increase in the Wind Instruments. M. JULLIEN has also established Orchestral Classes of Instruction for the different Instruments, and will have the honour of introducing some of the Pupils of the Violoncello and Alto Classes, who will perform several pieces of Concerted Music, as well as in the General Orchestra.

In order to add to this year's Concerts every possible attraction, M. JULLIEN has engaged that celebrated Prima Donna,

MADAME GASSIER,

whose success in Spain, Italy, and lately in Paris and England, has been almost unbounded. Madame Gassier will have the honour of appearing on the Opening Night.

In addition to the classical compositions of the great Masters, the following new music by M. JULLIEN will be performed during the Concerts:

A Grand Fantasia from Verdi's last New Opera, "Les Vepres Siciliennes."

New Valse, "La Rose et la Violette."

New Valse, "Donna Mobile."

New Valse, "The Belle of the Village."

New Quadrille, "Le Quadrille Français."

besides several other New Valses, Polkas, Schottisches, Valse

viennes, &c., and a New Grand Descriptive Quadrille, entitled

"THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL."

The Theatre will be fitted with an entirely new Decoration, and

the whole Carpets and Waxed.

In the Reading Room will be found newspapers and periodicals from almost all parts of the world.

The Refreshments will be provided by Mr. G. Payne, and be of the best quality and at the most moderate prices.

The Concerts, on each Evening, will commence at Eight, and terminate about Eleven.

Prices of Admission:—

Promenade	...	One Shilling.
Dress Circle	...	2s. 6d.
Private Boxes	12s. 1l. 1s., and 1l. 1s. 6d.	

Paces, and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'Reilly, at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of the principal Librarians and Music Sellers.

N.B.—The Theatre being let at Christmas for Dramatic Performances, the Concerts continue for Five Weeks only.

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC.

Lessee, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

PLOT AND PASSION.

Characters by Messrs. Emery, F. Robson, G. Vining, Leslie; Mrs. Sterling and Miss Bromley.

After which, the New Farce.

CATCHING A MERMAID.

Times Tullins, &c., &c., &c., Mr. F. Robson.

To conclude with

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers and Miss Teruan.

Thursday and Friday.

TO OBLIGE BENSON.

After which,

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, G. Vining, Emery, Mrs. A. Wigan, and Miss Maskell.

To conclude with

CATCHING A MERMAID.

Assembly,

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—

LAST FEW WEEKS. New and Exciting Attraction. WHOLE SHOOT THE WIZARD? or the GREAT GUN

TRICK with which Professor Anderson surprised London 10 years since, and which has never been attempted during the interval by any other Professor of Magic, will be again presented

MONDAY NEXT, NOV. 5th, and every Evening during the Week. 100 guineas will be paid to the marksmen who succeeds in aiming a bullet at Professor Anderson which he shall fail to catch. The Programme of the highly successful Eleusian Spectacle of MAGIC & MYSTERY will be extensively modified, and the Revelations of Spirit-Rapping will be rendered each evening more curious and exciting. Mr. Anderson begs to announce, that in consequence of the great preparations for his Spectacle and Performances at Covent Garden Theatre, his Magic and Performances must terminate in a few weeks. Doors open on each Evening at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight, private Boxes, 2l. 11s. 6d. and 2l. 1s., can be obtained at the Box-office, or at the principal Librarians. Stalls, 4s. Dress Circle, 3s. Upper Boxes, 2s. Pit, 1s. Gallery, 6d. The Box-office is open daily from 11 till 5, under the direction of Mr. Chatterton.

2nd. Grand Fashionable Morning Performance on Saturday, November 10th, at Two o'clock: Doors open at Half-past One.

DR. KHAN'S GRAND ANATOMICAL

MUSEUM, consisting of upwards of 1,000 highly interesting Models, representing every part of the Human Frame in

Health and Disease, also the various Races of Men, &c., open (to gentlemen only) daily from 10 till 10. Lectures, varying every day in the week, are delivered by Dr. SEXTON, at 12, 2, 4, and half-past 7. Admission, 1s.—4, COVENTRY-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

ALLSOPPS' PALE ALE.—REDUCTION

of PRICE.—HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., Wine and Beer Merchants, 54, Pall-Mall, are now receiving orders for the October Brewings of the above celebrated Ale, in casks of eighteen gallons and upwards, at the reduced price. Also for

ALLSOPPS' PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, Quarts, Pints, and Half-Pints, Imperial Measure. 54, Pall-Mall, October 27, 1855.

TO LOVERS OF FISH.—100 Genuine

YARMOUTH BLOATERS for 6s. package included. These HIGHLY ESTEEMED DELICACIES and CHEAP ARTICLE OF FOOD forwarded to all parts, on receipt of penny postage stamps or P. O. O. (preferred). Full and plain directions, Country, and nearest station.—Address, THOMAS LETTIS, Jun., Fish Curer, Great Yarmouth.

"This is the third season Mr. Lettis has supplied us with Yarmouth Bloaters, and we find the quality excellent."—J. BRASGOWS, House St.-art, Blenheim Palace, October 20, 1854.

"Mr. Lettis.—As soon as you send out your genuine Bloaters, I shall be glad to have a supply as usual. Those I had last year gave great satisfaction."—A. F. COVEMAN, Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace.

FITCH & SON'S

CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON, AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS' LETTERS

CONTINUED.

"We were much pleased with the quality of No. 9 case. The bacon, &c., we found first-rate."—Melbourne, South Australia.

"I beg to enclose you a Post-office order for 1l. 5s. 6d. for bacon; the quality is very excellent and quite to my taste."

"I like the cheese much, and I have no doubt the bacon will prove as good as in former times."

"The bacon you sent me is excellent; I shall recommend it to friends."

"I never tasted such bacon in my life; it was delicious."

"The Rev. ——— begs to enclose Fitch and Son 1l. 1s. 10d. for bacon received this morning, and found very nice indeed."

"I am obliged by your attention to the small order, and for the excellent article supplied. Enclosed are postage stamps for the amount."

Fitch and Son will be gratified by showing the originals of the above, and a multitude of others of the like import, upon application.

This celebrated bacon is sold by the side and half-side at 9d. per lb.; the middle piece of 12 lbs. at 10d. per lb.; and other separate pieces.

Bacon, hams, tongues, German sausages, cheese, butter, &c., securely packed for traveling, and delivered free of charge at all the London Terminals.

List of prices free. See also daily papers. Post-office orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is not sent with the order for goods.

FITCH AND SON.

Provision Merchants and Importers,
No. 66, BISHOPSGATE WITHIN, LONDON.

Established 1784.

ADNAM'S IMPROVED PATENT

GROATS AND BARLEY.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT.

And Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, AND FAMILIES.

LIES.—The important object so desirable to be obtained has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, Patentees, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their Improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

The Barley being prepared by a similar process is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged.

To commend the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally omitted, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon and Supper.

The Barley being prepared by a similar process is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguished character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soups, &c.

CAUTION.—To prevent errors, the Public are requested to observe that each package bears the Signature of the Patentees, J. and J. C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maid-n-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters at 6d. and 1s. each, and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 6s., and 10s. each, of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c., in Town and Country.

ASTHMA—COUGHS.—The only Medicine

which gives immediate ease to the most severe Cough, Asthma, &c., is

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

As the shortest trial will prove. They have a pleasant taste. In every newspaper and periodical in the kingdom may be seen testimonials of their wonderful efficacy. Observe, the only genuine have the words "Dr. Locock's Wafers" printed in the Government stamp in white letters on a red ground. Sold by all Druggists, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—The vast increase in the demand for these Cough Lozenges, and the numerous testimonials constantly received, fully justify the Proprietor in asserting they are the best and safest yet offered to the Public for the cure of the following complaints:—

ASTHMA, WINTER COUGH, HOARSENESS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and other PULMONARY MALADIES.

They have deservedly obtained the highest patronage, very many of the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Public generally, use them, under the recommendation of some of the most eminent of the Faculty.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1d., and Tins, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

HEAL & SON'S EIDER DOWN QUILTS;

also GOOSE DOWN QUILTS, from 6s. 6d. to 24s. List of Prices and Sizes sent free by Post.—186, Tottenham-court-road.

THE LEADING and POPULAR ARTICLES

of DRESS manufactured by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 14, Market-street;—The PELISSIER OVERCOAT, price 28s., adapted for the season. Reversible Waistcoat, price 14s., buttoning four different sides; the 47s. Suits made to order from Scotch, Heather, and Cheviot Tweeds, all wool, and thoroughly shrunken; the Two Guinea Dress or Frock Coats, the Guinea Dress Trouser, and the Half-Guinea Waistcoat.

N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

212° MILNERS' HOLDFAST AND FIRE-

RESISTING SAFES (non-conducting and vapourising), with all the improvements, under their Quadruple Patents of 1840-51-54 and 1855, including their Gunpowder-proof Solid Lock and Door (without which no Safe is secure).

THE STRONGEST, BEST, and CHEAPEST SAFEGUARDS EXTANT.

MILNERS' PHENIX (212 degrees) SAFER WORKS, LIVERPOOL, the most complete and extensive in the world Show-rooms, 6 and 8, Lord-street, Liverpool. London Depot, 47A, Moorgate-street, City. Circulars free by post.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH THE

BE-T ARTICLES

AT DEANE'S Ironmongery and Furnishing Warehouses. Established A.D. 1700. A Priced Furnishing List, free by post.

DEANE, DRAY, and CO. (Opening to the Monument), London-bridge.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED: MARKING

LINEN MADE EASY.

The most elegant and best method of marking Linen, Books, or any other articles is with F. Whiteman's Improved PATENT ELECTRO SILVER PLATES. Any person can use them with ease and certainty. Your Name in any style, 2s.; or Initials, 1s. 6d.; Crests, 3s. 6d.; Numbers, per set 2s., sent post free on receipt of stamps or cash. FRED. WHITEMAN, Engraver, Printer, and Heraldic Artist, Nineteen, Little Queen-street, High Holborn. A Card Plate elegantly engraved, 2s.; 100 superior Cards, 2s. Arms and Crests found and sketched free of charge.

SISAL CIGARS, SISAL CIGARS, at GOOD-

RICH'S Cigar, Tobacco, and Snuff Stores (established 1780), removed to 207, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. —Box, containing 11 fine Cigars, for 1s. 6d.; post free, six stamps extra. No. 6 are genuine, unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is

allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 15s. Postage, 6d.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS

EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR ABSCESS.—Mr. William Alsop of the sloop Westley, informed Mr. Heinhart, Druggist, Hull, that a child of his had a dreadful abscess on the thigh, and that the medical men gave him no hopes of the child's life. Mr. Reinhart then recommended him to use Holloway's Ointment: he did so, and the abscess soon healed, and the little patient is now as well and as strong as any child can be, entirely through the virtues of the Ointment, which are beyond all praise.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World; at PROFRASON HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidici, Smyrna; and H. Heeds, Malta.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 52, FLEET-STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or adhesives. They perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

In the High Court of Chancery.

TRIESEMAR.—On the 29th of May, 1855,

An Injunction was granted by the High Court of Chancery, and on the 11th of June following was made perpetual, against Joseph Franklin and others to restrain them, under a penalty of 1000l., from imitating this medicine, which is protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna.

Trieseemar, No. 1, is a remedy for Relaxation, Spasmodic, and Exhaustion of the System, whether arising from accident or climate. Trieseemar, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which erupit and cube have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. Trieseemar, No. 3, is the great Constitutional remedy for that class of Disorders which unfortunately the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the arsenaparis in the world cannot remove. Trieseemar, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the tongue without their use being suspected.—Sole in the cases at 11s. each; free by post, 2s. extra; divided into separate doses, as administered by Velpeau, Larrey, Roux, &c. To be had wholesale and retail in London, of Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Harnay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; and Sanger, 120, Oxford-street; J. H. Powell, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin; Kilmee and Co., Leith-walk, Edinburgh; and D. C. Campbell, Argyle-street, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

COMPTON.—On the 27th inst., at Charing-cross, the wife of Henry Compton, Esq., a son.

HILLAS.—On the 12th of July, 1855, at his residence, St. Kilda, near Melbourne, Victoria, the wife of Mr. Fleming Hillas, jun., a daughter.

NORRURY.—On the 23d ult., at Carrigmore, county Cork, the Countess of Norbury, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

FORTH.—On the 24th ult., the Viscount Forth, only son of the Earl of Perth and Melfort, to Harriet Mary, eldest daughter of the Hon. Adolphus Capel, niece of the Earl of Essex, and granddaughter of Viscount Maynard.

RALLI.—On the 27th ult., at Parkfield House, Clapham New Park, by the Rev. Narcissa Merphins, Stephen Augustus, son of Augustus Ralli, Esq., of Marselles, to Marietta, eldest daughter of Antonio T. Ralli, Esq., of Clapham New Park.

STEDMAN.—On Wednesday, the 31st ult., at St. Matthew's, Denmark-hill, William N. Stedman, B.A., of St. Catherine's Hall, Cambridge, younger son of James Stedman, Esq., of Guildford, to Mary, youngest daughter of Henry Remington, Esq., of North Brixton.

DEATHS.

DUNCAN.—On the 26th ult., at Sprivers, Horsmonden, Kent, John Duncan, Esq., M.D., aged 55.

MENDHAM.—On the 15th of August last, drowned by the overturning of one of the ship's boats on the Reef Head, river Houghley, Captain Samuel Mendham, of H. C. S. Tubal Cain.

MATTHEWS.—On the 25th ult., Mrs. Sarah Matthews, aged 67, for 41 years the faithful and beloved housekeeper of Mrs. L. A. Hillard, of the Cottage, Crondale, Hants.

ROSS.—Aged 38, Charles Cornwallis Ross, Captain 3d Regiment (the Buffs), eldest son of Mr. and Lady Mary Ross. He is supposed to have died in Sebastopol, of wounds received while posting his sentries in advance of the trenches on the night of August 31, when he was returned as missing, as he has never been heard of since, and is not in the Russian list of prisoners of war.

BIDNEY.—On the 27th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth Bidney, 11, Harrington-square, Hampstead-road, relict of Paul Algernon Bidney, Esq., aged 53.

TINDAL.—On the 22d of June last, aged 23, drowned in an attempt to ford the Clarence River, New South Wales, Frederick Colquhoun Tindal, Esq., second surviving son of Charles Tindal, Esq., Commander in the Royal Navy, and agent to the Bank of England at Birmingham, and at the Western Branch, London.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, October 30.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLLED.—EPOCH JONES, Finsbury-terrace, City-road, mercer.

BANKRUPT.—ROBERT TAYLER, Watts-terrace, Old Kent-road, baker.—FREDERICK LOWE, King-street, Chapside, and elsewhere, warehouseman.—STRENGTH STINGERS, Nottingham-street, St. Marylebone, coach ironmonger.—WILLIAM LOWE, Birmingham, boot manufacturer.—JOHN GIFFITHS, Wednesfield, Staffordshire, iron dealer.—JOSEPH BROWN, Weymouth, Dorset, leather seller.—WILLIAM TAMBURTON, Stoke Newington, Devon, builder.—THOMAS FRANCIS FEATHERSTONE, York, linen-draper.—MAX MORRIS, otherwise called ALEX BUCKLOW, Sheffield, licensed victualler.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—C. MORISON, Stornoway, wine merchant.—A. FALCONER, Port-Glasgow, merchant.—J. SMITH, Glasgow, surgeon.—J. NIXON, Edinburgh, currier.

Friday, November 2.

BANKRUPT.—PHILIPAS COHEN, Artillery-passage, Spital-fields, dealer in ironmongery.—RICHARD GOODHIND, Ludgate-hill, draper.—DOMENICO TOMASINI, Tottenham-court-road, upholsterer.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, November 2, 1855.

The irritating tone of the Government journals and of the Times against the United States, and the alarm that is beginning to manifest itself amongst business men lest we should find ourselves plunged into a most disastrous war with America, through the intolerable folly and judicial blindness of our Government, are causes which have depressed the Funds—and although there has been a reaction to-day, the state of the market is very steady. The accounts from the East now read very differently from last week, and the Minister of War, when he stated that by a telegram from General Simpson, he learnt on the 17th that Sir Colin Campbell had been dispatched to Euphrates with a strong force, either deceived himself or others, or was deceived by the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. The test of the allied troops being in force within a few miles of Simpheropol, and under the best general the army has in the East, was very gratifying; and now it seems, that warned by some telegram from Berlin, suspect enough—the expedition was countermanded—we are now, therefore, likely to see no more campaigning until May, and perhaps during the dull months the Funds may rise at a Congress of Peace sitting in Paris, with that distinguished diplomatist, Lord John Russell, as representative of England again.

Our Funds, however, will feel sensible alteration if this American question increases in difficulty. The great mass of Englishmen—not landowners and Government dependants, will not allow of this insane war—then should Lord Palmerston spread to the country, a dissolution is always safe to send down the Funds 3½—in no way can a rise of any extent be anticipated.

In the Foreign markets there has been very little business done. Turkish old and new about the same. Our home heavy Railway market continues tolerably steady. French lines somewhat improved. Canadian and East Indian Railway shares steady.

Mines are still very languid. United Mexicans again out of favour. A few purchases in Waller Goss. French mines somewhat improved. Canadian and East Indian Railway shares steady.

Crystal Palace are very low, indeed the expenditure has been extravagant and unremunerative, and their prospects not cheering.

Yesterday, being "All Saints Day," was a strict holiday as ever on the Stock Exchange—it is hard to discover why this day has been selected for a holiday, except to make good the old saying of "Lucas a non lucendo."

Consols are firmer this afternoon, having opened at 87½; they are now, 4 o'clock, for next time 88½.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	208	208	208	208	208	208
3 per Cent. Red.	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½
5 per Cent. Cons. An.	88½	88½	88½	88½	88½	88½
Consols for Account	88½	88½	88½	88½	88½	88½
3½ per Cent. An.	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½
New 2½ per Cent.	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½	87½
Long Ans. 1860	3½	3½	3½	3½	3½	3½
India Stock	226	226	226	226	226	226
Ditto Bonds, £1000	3	3	3	3	3	3
Ditto Under £1000	2	2	2	2	2	2
Ex. Bills, £1000	2	2	2	2	2	2
Ditto £500	2	2	2	2	2	2
Ditto Small	2	2	2	2	2	2

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	99½	Russian Bonds, 5 per	99½
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cent.	100½	Centas, 1822	99½
Chilian 6 per Cent.	100½	Russian 4½ per Cent.	99½
Danish 3 per Cent.	100½	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	99½
Ecuador Bonds	100½	Spanish Committee Crt. of	99½
Mexican 3 per Cent.	100½	Comp. not fun.	99½
Mexican 3 per Cent. for	100½	Venezuela 4½ per Cent.	99½
Ac.	100½	Belgian 4½ per Cent.	99½
Portuguese 5 per Cent.	100½	Dutch 3½ per Cent.	99½
		Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	99½

CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday Evening, November 2, 1855.

The arrivals of both English and foreign Wheat during the week have been very small, and prices have rather advanced since Monday, though the demand continues limited. Barley is in better demand. Oats arrive in moderate quantities from Ireland and abroad, for fine sweet corn former prices are readily obtained, but inferior new are a shade lower. Beans and Peas fully maintain former rates. There are very few cargoes of Wheat offering on passage and none arrived. A cargo of Galatz on passage has been sold at 75s. Solid Wheat is now held for 55s. Maize is more in demand, and prices are 1s. to 2s. higher. Galatz on passage has been sold at 40s. and 41s. and 42s. cost, freight, and insurance.

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

TESTIMONIAL FROM

DR. LETHBRIDGE,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, &c., &c., &c.

"I have frequently had occasion to analyse the Cod Liver Oil which is sold at your establishment. I mean that variety which is prepared for medicinal use in the Loffoden Isles, Norway, and sent into commerce with the sanction of Dr. DE JONGH, of the Hague.

"In all cases I have found it possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleic compounds and of iodine in a state of organic combination are the most remarkable; in fact, the Oil corresponds in all its characters with that named 'Huile brune,' and described as the best variety in the masterly treatise of Dr. DE JONGH.

"It is, I BELIEVE, UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THAT THE DESCRIPTION OF OIL HAS GREAT THERAPEUTICAL POWER; AND, FROM MY INVESTIGATIONS, I HAVE NO DOUBT OF ITS BEING A PURE AND UNADULTERATED ARTICLE.

College Laboratory, London Hospital, Sept. 24, 1855."

Sold ONLY in bottles, capuled and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAU, HARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, London, Dr. de Jongh's sole Confinees; and by most respectable chemists in town and country.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 6d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 8s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

10,000 NERVOUS MIND AND HEAD

SUFFERERS, from Nibbles to Mechanics, having tried all advertised and other remedies without a cure, have during eighteen years, been obliged to apply to the Rev. Dr. Willis Moxley, 18, Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square, London, and 50 are not known to be un cured. Means of cure only to be paid for, and a relapse prevented for life. Novel Observations, a pamphlet on nervousness, franked to any address if one stamp is sent, or for 3s. Twelve Chapters on the Only Means of Curing Nervous or Mind Complaints; "the best book on nervousness in our language."

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—HOTEL DE

LEUROPE MOYER, Proprietor.

This splendid first-rate Hotel, the oldest of the place, is situated on the Quay, immediately opposite the Steam-Ship Station, and near the Paris Railway Terminus. The apartments combine French elegance with English comfort; the bedrooms are scrupulously clean, lofty, and airy; it has an excellent table d'hôte, and the wines are of the choicest vintages. Attached to the Hotel are warm baths, a fine garden smoking-room, stabling, and lock-up coach-house, &c. Price, Breakfast, 1fr. 50c. to 2fr. Dinner, table d'hôte, 3fr. Bed-room, 2fr. Sitting-room, 4fr. to 6fr. English and French papers daily. The carriage of the establishment is always in attendance for travellers on the arrival of the trains and steamers, and conveys them, without charge, to the Hotel.

PARIS.—HOTEL BEDFORD, No. 17, RUE

DE L'ARCADE, near the Madeleine (removed from Rue St. Honoré) Paris. Fitted up with every Convenience for Families and Gentlemen. Private Apartments if required. Table d'Hôte. English spoken.

PARIS.—HOTEL DE NORMANDIE, 240,

RUE ST. HONORE.—The above Hotel possesses advantages for Travellers rarely to be met with. It is in the vicinity of the principal Public Establishments, in the most favourable situation for pleasure as well as business, and it is the constant aim of the Proprietor to merit patronage by affording every comfort at the most moderate charges. Private Rooms.

N.B.—English spoken by the Landlord and Servants.

NEW EDITION. Price 1s.

AIRD'S SELF-INSTRUCTING FRENCH

GRAMMAR, consisting of Twelve Progressive Lessons, wherein the Parts of Speech, exemplified in Conversational Phrases, Fables, Anecdotes, and Don Quixote, with Literal Translations, are also introduced.

"This is a cheap and excellent little work, and to those desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the French language with expedition, correctness, and ease, it supplies a much-wanted desideratum, and that, too, at a minimum cost."—*Moss's Herald*.

"The Student's Self-instructing French Grammar" is a practical and comprehensive little elementary work, calculated to answer every purpose required in imparting the first rudiments of the French language. Its chief feature is the careful avoidance of long and useless rules, and numerous exceptions in pronunciation and construction, which too frequently embarrass the beginner, and render that a task which would otherwise become an agreeable exercise. The short lessons, with literal translations, are well adapted to assist the learner in acquiring the idiom of the language."—*Court Journal*.

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